

The Critic

A Weekly Review of Literature and the Arts

NUMBER 612
VOLUME XX

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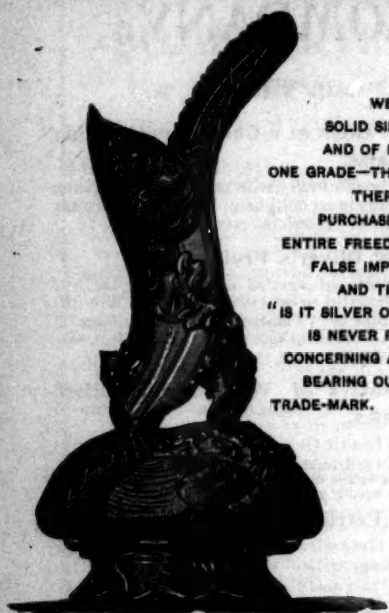
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The Critic

(ESTABLISHED IN 1881)

Published every Week, at the Kennedy Building, 289 Fourth Avenue, New York
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1893

John Tyndall

BY THE DEATH of Prof. Tyndall our age of scientific inquiry and intellectual unrest loses, if not its most prominent, certainly its most picturesque and most typical representative. Many qualities combined to make him an attractive figure alike to men of science and to the general public. His vast and ever ready learning, his ceaseless and always useful activity, his strong and wide sympathies, the eloquence and aptness of his platform oratory, the frankness with which he took all around him, hearers and readers, friends and opponents alike, into his inmost confidence, his courage in expressing his opinions, however unpopular, and his energy in defending them, his warmth of affection for his friends and his magnanimity to assailants—these and other equally admirable traits made up a character which awakened strong regard in those who agreed with him, while it gave no occasion for lasting resentments in those with whom he differed. It may be affirmed with confidence that hardly any eminent man who has taken so active a part in controversy and criticism as Prof. Tyndall took, would be more generally and sincerely lamented.

As a writer he had a singularly charming style; and it is not unlikely that this gift of grace and clearness has really been an injury to his scientific reputation. In this and other respects his fortune has been not unlike that of his friend Prof. Huxley. Their talent for happy exposition has caused them to be looked upon by many rather as great expounders than as great investigators and discoverers in science. But those who are familiar with their writings are aware that this view is a mistaken one, and that while none of their contemporaries have surpassed them in industrious experiment and research, few have equalled them in the value of their contributions to scientific progress. To attempt even to enumerate the most striking results of Tyndall's studies relating to magnetism and electricity, to radiant heat, to light and sound, to the properties of water and air, to glacial formations, and indeed to almost every branch of physics, would extend this sketch beyond its reasonable limits. The mere titles of his works are sufficient to give to an unscientific mind a somewhat appalling idea of the extent and depth of his researches. "Contributions to Molecular Physics in the Domain of Radiant Heat," "Essays on the Floating Matter of the Air, in Relation to Putrefaction and Infection," "Heat as a Mode of Motion," "Light and Electricity," "Forms of Water in Clouds, Rivers, Ice and Glaciers," "Researches in Diamagnetism and Magne-Crystallic Action"—these do not exhaust the list even of his more recondite compositions. One other, on "Sound," has had the remarkable honor of being translated into Chinese, and published at the expense of the Chinese Government. To one who has perused this work, with its details of minute experiments and subtle deductions, the most striking impression received from this fact will probably be a sense of the unsuspected capacities of the Chinese intellect and language.

Intermingled with these laborious disquisitions have been lighter works, which alone would be sufficient to confer a high literary and philosophical reputation—"The Use and Limits of the Imagination in Science"; "Mountaineering in 1861"; "Hours of Exercise in the Alps"; "Faraday as a Discoverer" and, above all, the charming "Fragments of Science for Unscientific People," published in 1871, and the still more delightful "New Fragments," published last year, and destined unhappily to be his swan-song. In these volumes his turn for biographical narrative and character-drawing, and his hearty appreciation of mental and moral excellence in many different lines, are shown in his admir-

able sketches, not merely of his distinguished predecessors in the Royal Institution—Rumford, Young and Faraday,—but also of Louis Pasteur and Thomas Carlyle; to which should be added, for their special personal interest, the happy touches of autobiography, drawn forth by the solicitations of auditors or editors, in several of the essays.

As a controversialist, his powers of argument, his learning and his courtesy to opponents were well displayed in the long discussion evoked by his noted Belfast address. An often-quoted expression in this address brought against him the imputation of materialism—an imputation which, in the sense implied by his assailants, was undeserved. In his "Personal Recollections of Carlyle" he shows that if he was a "free-thinker," it was in the sense in which Carlyle and Emerson were free-thinkers. In writing of those illustrious friends, in their relation to modern science, he remarks:—"Napoleon gazing at the stars and gravelling his savants with the question, 'Gentlemen, who made all that?' commended itself to their common sympathy. It was the illegitimate science which, in its claims, overstepped its warrant, professing to explain everything, and to sweep the universe clear of mystery, that was really repugnant to Carlyle."

Tyndall was in birth and temperament a genuine Scotch-Irishman (born at Leighton Bridge, County Carlow, Aug. 21, 1820), inheriting from his faraway highland ancestors his rugged but not unattractive features, his powerful frame, his abounding energy, and, as he fancied, the passion for mountain-climbing which formed the chief pleasure of his life and the source of much of his scientific reputation. His Celtic Irish fellow-countrymen will doubtless claim their share in the brilliant intellect and lofty aspirations which lifted him from a comparatively humble position to be, like Swift and Burke and Moore and many other children of the Green Isle, a mate for the highest social and literary classes of the Three Kingdoms. He married Louisa Claude Hamilton, the eldest daughter of Lord Claude Hamilton, whose origin resembled Tyndall's, his family being a Scotch-Irish branch of the world-famous house of Douglas. The marriage, as is well known from various allusions in his works, as well as from other sources, was one of ideal happiness. The well-matched couple, both (as the husband wrote) "thorough children of the hills," and both enthusiasts for knowledge, united in planning their pretty summer home in the Swiss mountains, of which he has given a pleasant description in his "Life in the Alps," published originally in *The Youth's Companion* of Boston, and reprinted in his "New Fragments." She shared with him the "hut" which he built for a winter retreat "amid the heather of Hind Head," near Portsmouth; and she took part there in the remarkable observations which he has detailed in his discourse on "The Rainbow and its Congeners," published in the same volume. All that we thus learn adds to the pathos of the deplorable accident which closed this noble and useful career.

HORATIO HALE.

Literature

"Politics in a Democracy"

By Daniel G. Thompson. Longmans, Green & Co.

THE MAIN PURPOSE of this work is to set forth what the author believes to be the essential peculiarities of democratic government, and especially its chief dangers, and to indicate what must be done to improve such government and remove its imperfections. He remarks, to begin with, on the fact that the sentiment of personal loyalty, which monarchical government engenders, cannot exist in a democracy, and he thinks that we Americans, at least, have not yet found

anything to supply its place. He maintains that the sense of public duty and respect for law have seriously declined in this country, while the rush for wealth has not only brought an increase of dishonesty, but has developed a spirit of social antagonism which threatens disaster. He then goes on to consider the methods of government that have been developed among us, treating first of parties and party spirit, and then of what he calls "government by syndicate," of which the present government of New York City is the most prominent example.

Mr. Thompson then enters on an elaborate defence of Tammany Hall and its methods, maintaining not only that Tammany has been misrepresented, but that the mode of government it practices is inevitable in the great cities of a republic. He shows what are the foundations on which Tammany's power rests, and gives some account of its organization and method of working, taking care to exhibit the better side of the picture in as bright a light as possible; and he has some sensible remarks on the uselessness of the constant attacks on the Tammany leaders in which many people indulge. But he passes over the evils of the Tammany régime with merely a general acknowledgment that they exist, while keeping the worst of them entirely out of view. Such an argument from a man who claims to be a political philosopher, and in some respects makes good his claim, is rather remarkable; but we shall leave to the political journals the task of criticising it.

In his concluding chapter Mr. Thompson considers the question of what remedies are available for the evils which democratic government has developed, and which threaten mischief for the future. The only remedies in which he has much faith are the reduction of the functions of government to the minimum and the better education, especially the better moral education, of the people. The right moral education, he thinks, "consists in establishing as a controlling sentiment the knowledge that the source of human happiness is within, not in outward circumstances; that such happiness can be obtained not by what one gets, but through what he is; that self-forgetful devotion to whatever a man's hand finds to do is the secret of success; and that the disposition from which a person finds his pleasure and good in the welfare and pleasure of others, is the only self-satisfying condition of life, the only substantial guarantee of peace and order in the community." With those sentiments we cordially agree; but does Mr. Thompson believe that they are shared by the leaders of Tammany Hall? The book has some good points, and is written in a plain and straightforward style; but it has also serious faults, and while it is perhaps worth reading, it will not enhance its author's reputation.

"Scotland's Free Church"

By G. B. Ryley. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

SCOTLAND'S Free Church is a phenomenon in modern Christianity, deserving of the study of all who expect the Kingdom of Christ to be founded in all the earth. The semi-centennial anniversary of this body of Christians has been the occasion of a noteworthy literature. Mr. George Buchanan Ryley has furnished an historical retrospect and memorial of the disruption, and Mr. John M. McCandlish has added a summary of Free Church progress and finance, making an attractive volume, printed in large type, with wide margins, and handsomely bound. The book is furnished with a portrait of Dr. Chalmers and several full-page illustrations of historical value. On the title-page is the emblem of the Church, the bush that burned *nec fiamus, consumebatur*, with thistles in the corners of the frame. Mr. Gladstone once spoke of "the case of the Free Church of Scotland, to whose moral attitude scarcely any word weaker or lower than that of majesty would, according to the spirit of historical criticism, be justly applicable." Mr. Ryley, with an ease born of thorough acquaintance with his theme, tells an engaging story of "The Rule of the Monastery," or the first six centuries of the Scottish Church. From

the tenth century on was "The Rule of the Palace," but with the great reformation came "The Rule of Presbytery." This last forms, of course, the most interesting part of the narrative; and it is told with force and many picturesque details. We have marked many a page and passage which we should like to quote. This we cannot do, but it must be said that for pathos there are few stories of struggling Christianity that can exceed the story of the early days of the Free Church. The final victory of voluntarism, as against compulsion and the State Church, resulted not merely in the making of a great army of Christians fired with fresh zeal and disciplined to enduring power, but it also thoroughly improved and elevated the establishment. Mr. McCandlish's story of finance, education and missions shows that the fruit has been rich and the harvest great. Seldom is a volume on church history so readable as this. It will prove a help in all those countries where the struggle between voluntarism and political establishments is still waging, as well as on missionary ground, where the future has to be read in the light of the past.

Thomas Nelson Page's Works

4 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons.

HESIOD'S "Works and Days" was devoted to the agriculture and folklore, the cosmogony and legends of his people and his gods. The simple heart of the old Boeotian beat patriotically for his own race and for one little angle of misty and boggy Greece, which afterwards became proverbial for certain characteristics. This is the way all true literature, savoring of the soil, springs up, flourishes, waxes, and then wanes, whether among the asphodels of Hellas or the golden-rod of the South, whether on the plains of La Mancha or among the geysers and fjords where the volcanic Eddas sank their roots deep down into Muspelheim. For this reason, "Hermann und Dorothea" remains one of the truest poems of Goethe, and the "Lusiadas" glows with the patriotism of Portugal. All generalized literature partakes of the nature of an abstraction, and becomes vague and unsubstantial, like a book of maxims or a collection of platitudes. But the moment we call it "Attic," or "Castilian," or individualize it by "Homer" or "Calderon," its personal flavor emerges, triumphantly, and we can describe it in concrete terms. How unattractive is such a generalization as "English literature" or "American literature," until we break up the abstraction into the infinity of charming details of which it is composed, and find the beautiful, or lordly, or tender names of our beloved poets or our lifelong associations! Then even old Hesiod becomes less Boeotian, less shaggy-browed and forbidding, and his limping Greek runs as harmoniously as a lyric of Schiller's or of Uhland's.

"Southern literature" was for generations an uninviting sarcasm: no one could use the term except in irony, with a certain malice prepense. It confined itself to great legal works like "The Madison Papers," the biographies of statesmen, a few novels by Gilmore Simms, a few exquisite volumes by Poe, and the histories of Gayarré. The War was the great fertilizer of the region, dormant till then, but now enriched, once for all, with blood and passion, as with ensanguined phosphates, and beginning to germinate almost instantaneously on the cessation of hostilities. Lanier and Maurice Thompson began to sing; Cable and Craddock, and Lane Allen and Joel Chandler Harris began to write; new and charming dialect-writers like Irwin Russell, Edwards, Grace King, Ruth McEnery Stuart, the Egglestons, Amélie Rives and Miss Baylor sprang up every year or so from the old Cadmean teeth sown by the dragon War, and the air grew vocal with new and strange and often sweet voices, floating up from the South.

One of the newest and strangest, and also one of the sweetest, was that of Thomas Nelson Page, who made the Virginia Negroes talk in vocables so mellow and so quaint that, uncouth as they appeared in spelling, their syllables melted into a music of their own when recited by the author or read aloud by one to the manner born. The theme was

nearly always Virginia, whether in "Marse Chan," "The Little Confederates" or "Newfound River." The gold lay in a narrow pocket, to be sure; but the hydraulic process of genius brought it all out shining and pure to the surface, and humor and laughter and tears formed with it a delightful alloy of which the world has not tired yet. Thus Mr. Page's "works and days" (and nights also) have concerned themselves, like Hesiod's, with his own people and his own land, those he understood best and loved most. Only once or twice has he wandered after strange gods—and failed. "A Soldier of the Empire" is too much like the numerous French sketches of that rather hackneyed figure ever to be a success; Heine, Victor Hugo and Erckmann-Chatrian should have made this theme unapproachable. In "Elsket," however, there is wonderful beauty and success: a sketch which almost translates itself into the Norwegian of Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, nervous and powerful as that Norwegian is.

This new and choice edition of Page's works forms a fit companion for the same firm's edition of Cable. Its four volumes are a varied reservoir of pathos and fun, of telling character-sketches and warm dialect painting, of light and shade as they chequer Virginia soil or criss-cross its ruined old plantations.

"Studies of Travel"

1. *Greece.* 2. *Italy.* By E. A. Freeman. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Il est doux de s'asseoir au foyer de ses pères,
A ce foyer jadis de vertus couronné,
Et de dire, en montrant le siège abandonné:
Ici chantait ma sœur, là méditaient mes frères,"

saug Lamartine, in a well-known poem whose keynote is that of the late Prof. Freeman's "Travel Sketches." The illustrious historian, whose untimely death at Alicante shocked the literary world, found no greater delight than in visiting the various cradles (for they were many) of European civilization and studying even the swaddling-clothes, the toys, the playthings, the *incunabula*, the earliest utterances and attitudes of the marvellous Indo-Aryan races. These he found in the ancient and ruined, often obliterated, cities of Greece, Italy, Spain and Dalmatia—cities whose "stones" were as pregnant with meaning for him as Venice was to Ruskin or Rome to Gibbon. It was only in 1877 that he was able to visit Greece and send back to *The Saturday Review*, *The Guardian* and *The Pall Mall Gazette* those admirable little vignettes of travel which, now collected in these volumes, form an interesting companion to Pausanias, a copious commentary on Livy and Procopius, and a lucid and distinct contribution to the topography of the classic sites. There was hardly an historic subject on which Freeman was not brimful of information: his glance swept the entire range of European events, not with the vagueness of generalization, but with the intentness of minute, first-hand knowledge. This knowledge was not invariably seconded by a felicitous style; Freeman indulged superabundantly in a vicious kind of antithesis and epigram of which the motto on the title-page is an adequate specimen: "In the life of cities nothing preserves like early overthrow, nothing destroys like continuous life." But even in quips and pranks like these one can feel the grain of significant truth at the bottom of the tortuous expression, and pardon pages of a style singularly like that of Lyly's "Euphues" for the sake of their ingenuity and genuine instructiveness.

The first of these dainty volumes (1) is altogether taken up with Hellas: "tot congesta manu prærupitis oppida saxa": the land of hill-towns crowned with glorious acropolises whose very rocks ran streaks of gold like Colorado quartz. The historian with chisel and hammer knocks out these golden filaments and unfolds to us the hidden history and beauty of Tiryns, Mycenæ and Argos, of Olympia, Athens and Marathon, of Corinth, Sounion and the Saronic Gulf. The itinerary is a brilliant one: from Corfu, *via* Odysseus' land, the haggard, lovely coastlines of Peloponnesus to Syra, and the exquisite fjords of lower Greece, to the "eye" of the land, "violet-crowned" Athens. The

continuity of Hellenic history is one of the author's insistences. Greece yesterday and to-day the same: Islamized, Slavonized Hellas perpetually emerging under all disguises with the same radiant features, with that immortal individuality altogether irreconcilable with barbarism. Among her ruins this accomplished Old Mortality goes prowling and examining, it may be frowning; and his comments are always those of the ripe scholar, the full mind, the overflowing memory, the astute student of comparative institutions, the indefatigable first-hand investigator, who, if

"Stubbs butters Freeman and Freeman butters Stubbs,"

certainly has a right to do so, if one most accurate historian may compliment another.

The second volume (2) deals intimately with Italian sites, and is largely made up of architectural sketches and of verifications of the statements of Roman historians. Among the celebrated localities discussed from close personal observation are Arezzo, Veii, Fidenæ, Beneventum, Perugia, Ostia, the Samnian country, and the "Iter ad Brundisium." Freeman is consumed by the pure historical passion, the rage for facts, and seldom turns aside to relish and commemorate the physical beauty of Italian or Grecian landscape. This is, of course, a radical defect in an historian of Greece especially—of that Greece whose essential nature was the love of plastic loveliness, of sensuous form, of sculptured and moulded ideality based upon profound study of nature. Parkman, we are sure, would not have written thus; but Parkman was unique in his kind, like the bird of wondrous plumage of whom Lactantius and Cynewulf sang and which appeared only once in a thousand years.

"Sweet Bells out of Tune"

By Mrs. Burton Harrison. The Century Co.

MRS. BURTON HARRISON'S new novel opens as most novels end, with a wedding. It is a fashionable wedding, with palms, and a rector-in-waiting, and a beautiful *divorcee* who attracts more attention than the bride, and who is of more importance throughout the book, though the bride is the heroine. Thus, while in the first chapter Mr. Jerry Vernon, whose riches are new, marries Miss Eleanor Halliday, whose riches have been refined away by time, some of their friends, unprovided with any more rational amusement, take to prophesying things the reverse of smooth to come of Jerry's known admiration for the dashing Hildegard de Lancey. Later, other friends do the little that is needed to make those prophecies come true. The work is begun by a society newspaper's account of the wedding. The Halliday family could never bear to see its women in print, and this wretched sheet had the audacity to assert that Eleanor's father-in-law had married her mother-in-law "from the wash-tub." In reality, the late Mr. Vernon had made his money as proprietor of a bar; but then, he was dead, and his money enabled Mrs. Vernon the elder to go to the opera in a tiara which was said to be a second-hand crown of real royalty, bought at a Paris sale. On their honeymoon trip, the young couple are invited to the house of another *divorcee*, married again to another old friend of Jerry's.

At Mrs. Shafto's, the daughter of the Puritans is introduced to a "horsey" and "doggy" set of people, among whom Mrs. deLancey turns up, and a young Vernon, who had been paying some attention to Eleanor's sister, and having been dismissed by her as a booby, had transferred his affections to the charming Hilda. Under the management of a supposed British aristocrat, the party goes in for horse-play of a sort such as the English in Ireland in the eighteenth century used to amuse themselves with, at vice-regal drawing-rooms. This objectionable Englishman puts a wedge into the slight crevice thus opened, when they get back to New York. The split comes when Eleanor finds that Hildegard is to accompany them on the steamer by which they have arranged to go to Europe. She will not go, and Jerry and Hilda proceed without her. Eleanor, however, thinks better of the matter, and follows the presumed erring pair, only

to find her husband ill of a fever at his mother's house in London. That shrewd old lady proves herself quite at home in rough waters, and brings her son's troubles, as well as her own, to a satisfactory conclusion. In one of the early chapters her quondam acquaintance, Calliope Dunscombe, mimics her deceased father. "I am certain you'd recognize my models," she says. Some of Mrs. Harrison's models are also very easily recognized, such as the fashionable portrait-painter of whom it is said that "if he had painted Dr. Jekyll, people would have been sure to see in it the monster Hyde." And, like the painter, the author brings out the bad points in these models of hers, with the vivacity her "Anglomaniacs" had led us to expect. No one knows better than Mrs. Harrison the society she satirizes in her books, and no satirist is less guilty of exaggeration.

Mr. Aldrich's "Old Town by the Sea"

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH has succeeded in bringing back the hour

"Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower"

to that "Old Town by the Sea" where he was born. With delightful anecdote he makes its by-ways blossom again as once they did, with florid charm; when Humphrey Chadborn was fain to call his settlement on the banks of the Piscataqua "Strawberry Bank." The sweet savor of this long-abandoned name still lingers in Mr. Aldrich's pages. We have rarely read a volume of more delicate workmanship; for what Hawthorne has done for Salem, what Mrs. Burton Harrison has done for Alexandria, such has been our poet's task for Portsmouth. It is an epic of departed glories that gives the note to this melodious prose. We are spirited into a town mellowed by isolation and local character, where "the Past seems to have halted courteously, waiting for you to catch up with it." But so picturesque is this decay that we can almost be content with the melancholy *finis* of a chapter of our country's economic history, that it marks. When the carrying trade of the world abandoned American bottoms, and tall ships, which once had flung out "Old Glory" in all the ports of the world, lay rotting at their wharves, Portsmouth, like the other towns we have mentioned, fell into a quaint and engaging senility. Prematurely old, like a gracious lady she loses none of the charm of her nonage. Its quality only is changed: a softened atmosphere hangs about the deserted warehouses—an atmosphere potent with mandragora effect, till Mr. Aldrich can "fancy a man sitting on the end of that old wharf very contentedly for two or three years, provided it could be always June." In his book, at all events, it is always June. The last analysis of this success would probably reveal its elements to be a poet's conceit—tempered by antiquarian lore and sauced by a pretty wit. But as we do not care to probe the chemical essences of a rose-bud, so, to be guided by Mr. Aldrich through graveyards wherein it is "almost impossible to walk anywhere without stepping on a governor," into the mansions these worthies built and inhabited, and there to meet in ghostly array all the phantasmagoria of the colonial and post-revolutionary days, is a privilege of which mere good manners would stay criticism. We meet a motley crew. Gov. Benning Wentworth and his Cinderella bride; Mr. Tho. Phippes, that admirable "scollmaster" who was "not visious in conversation"; the forever execrable Sheriff Packer to whose ill fame Longfellow also has contributed—all these troop by together. We sit in old St. John's Church and observe Nicholas Rousselet's wooing of Mistress Catharine Moffatt, when a Bible, opened at the fifth verse of the Second Epistle of John by the ardent swain, brought a demure consent from the lady in a reference to Ruth 1.16. That was a bride well won. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

"The Old Court Life of France"

"THE OLD COURT LIFE OF FRANCE," by Frances Elliot, was first published twenty years ago; it now appears in a new form, in two volumes, with clear type and illustrations. This is a gossiping story of the French Court from Francis I. to Louis XIV.; of the days when kings supposed that the world was made for them, in which to "strut and fret their hour"; when all they said and did was of paramount importance. Francis I., the cleverest and most profligate of them all, who served as a type for Victor Hugo in his "Le Roi s'Amuse," is sketched well in these pages. He educated Europe. He introduced the French Renaissance; as an architect, he left his mark beyond any sovereign of his time; he patronized the masters in all the arts; he brought the works of Michael Angelo from Italy; Cellini and Leonardo da Vinci were at his court; Rabelais and Clement Marot were his friends; he founded the college of France. This is the brilliant, reckless figure with which the gal-

lery opens. After him comes a long procession: Henry II., whose neglected wife, Catherine de'Medici, came to be the dominant power in France, an unprincipled mother leading her three weak sons whither she would; the gallant Henry of Navarre, who built one of the grand galleries of the Louvre and issued the Edict of Nantes; Louis XIII., more fitted for an imbecile asylum than a throne, afraid of his beautiful wife, Anne of Austria, hiding himself under every conspiracy against Richelieu, leaving the great Cardinal's death-bed with an inhuman laugh, saying "Now I shall reign." To the reign of Louis XIV., however, the Augustan age of French literature, Miss Elliot does not do justice. The incidents in the lives of La Vallière and Montespan, the long conversations between Lauzun and the Grande Mademoiselle are wearisome. The court life of the Grand Monarque should show something more than the record of such trivialities. The story of Cinq Mars, Monsieur le Grand, whose tragic death throws a mantle of oblivion over his youthful follies, is, on the other hand, well told. Louis XIII. never appears more contemptible than when he says, on noticing that it is the death-hour of his former favorite, "At this moment Monsieur le Grand is making an ugly face at Lyons." In the letters and chronicles of those times the private life of the prominent actors is fully revealed. Not a day escapes its record. From such abundant sources Miss Elliot has gathered her material. She has given us a pleasant result of her reading and of her personal acquaintance with the places she describes. She has seen the châteaux built by Francis I.; Chambord and Azay le Rideau, Clemonceaux and Blois, are familiar to her. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"Tanagra: An Idyl of Greece"

AMONG THE BOOKS which have a special claim upon the attention of those interested in the artistic productions of publishers for the holiday season, Mrs. Frances Hellman's translation of the German poet Kinkel's "Tanagra" is deserving of more than ordinary mention. This poem, which was Kinkel's last work, is a pleasing story of Greek life, idyllic in character, and told in simple, melodious verse. Whatever it may have lost of its charm by being subjected to the trying process of translation, it nevertheless retains enough to show the spirit of the original. One is compelled to admit the fidelity of Mrs. Hellman's work, and also to commend it for its careful construction and its comparative freedom from faults of rhyme and rhythm. The memorial sketch of Gottfried Kinkel furnished by the translator is a particularly interesting essay: the story of Kinkel's sufferings, on account of his political views, has for one of its chief characters the poet's pupil and friend, Mr. Carl Schurz, to whom the book is dedicated, by permission. It was due to Mr. Schurz that the author of "Tanagra" made his escape from the Spandau prison. Mr. Schurz himself escaped from the fortress of Rastatt through a sewer. The beauty of this volume is much enhanced by the half-dozen full-page photogravure illustrations made from designs by Mr. Edwin H. Blashfield. These are admirable both in their drawing and in their interpretation of the text; moreover, they are done with an artist's conception of the decorative necessities of book-illustration. So much for the book between the covers, which merits higher praise than Mrs. Hellman's Heine translations of last year; and the exterior is in all respects a match for the interior. The binding of rough, olive-green muslin, stamped with an ornamental design in gold, is one of the most successful specimens of the binder's art we have seen. Altogether, this is one of the handsomest of the books of 1893. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

New Books and New Editions

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE'S "Triumphant Democracy," of the first edition of which *The Critic* published a review on May 8, 1886, appears in a new and revised edition, based on the Census of 1890. The revision to which the book has been subjected has not resulted in putting in the shadows, which, the late Mr. Curtis remarked, were absent from the work as first published. Mr. Carnegie is still of the opinion that the shortcomings of this country are but as spots upon the sun; and "this book is not intended either to describe or dilate upon the spots upon our national sun." But the statistics included in the volume have been carefully brought up to date. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)—CARLYLE'S "French Revolution," in three volumes, is illustrated with a great many little vignettes in half-tone by Joseph M. Gleeson, and is half-bound in imitation blue morocco, with gilt tops, and put up in a blue paper box, to match. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)—THE INDEX to *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, Volumes I. to LXXXV., inclusive, presents among other new features a table of final pages; a complete index to the Editor's Historical Record, under the head of "Historical"; and a great many cross-references. A supplementary Index covering Vols. LXXI. to LXXXV. is so arranged as to bring the titles included in it opposite the similar titles in the earlier portion of the

work. The Index, as a whole, contains no less than 51,000 references. (Harper & Bros.)

IT IS TEN YEARS or more since Thomas Bailey Aldrich first published his two-act drama "Mercedes," but the recent performance of it in Palmer's Theatre has directed public attention to it anew, and it will doubtless find many additional readers, now that it has been reprinted in an exceedingly attractive little volume. The story it tells is rather too sombre to win theatrical popularity, but is full of dramatic quality, nevertheless, while as literature it is quite a gem in its way. It excited much admiration at Palmer's, but would have been still more effective if the part of Mercedes had been in the hands of a more experienced and powerful actress than Miss Julia Arthur. The character is really worthy of an actress of the calibre of Eleonora Duse. It is to be hoped that Mr. Aldrich will be encouraged by the success of this tragedy in miniature to repeat the experiment upon a larger scale. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—THERE IS MUCH about double rhymes in German and in English in Miss Anna Swanwick's preface to the new edition of her translation of the first part of Goethe's "Faust." In her revision she has aimed to introduce double rhymes in the lyrics wherever they occur in the original; but, for reasons given, not in other parts of the text. The edition has a neat red and gold cover, and Retsch's outline illustrations printed on heavy plate-paper. (Macmillan & Co.)—A NEW AND ABRIDGED edition of the memoir of "Jenny Lind, the Artist," by Canon Henry Scott Holland and Mr. W. S. Rockstro, appears with a photogravure portrait after Magnus, and five other portraits, most of them in character. A review of the original edition will be found in *The Critic* of July 18, 1891. The present volume, though "abridged," is still a bulky one of 473 pages, including the index. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

THE INTEREST of the "Letters of Travel," by the late Bishop Brooks, is chiefly personal, and they will be best enjoyed by the hosts of his friends and acquaintances. They are selected from his correspondence with members of his family, and relate to two long journeys made in 1865-66 and 1882-83 and several shorter ones. Letters could not be more familiar and free-and-easy, and the author could not possibly have thought that they would ever be printed. There is nothing of fine writing in them, but for the most part the other extreme of boyish playfulness and abandon. "Nice," "beautiful," "splendid," and the other stock epithets of young and inexperienced scribblers abound, and phrases like "awfully sorry" and "wanting to see you all dreadfully" are not infrequent. Bits of shrewd criticism and witty comment on men and things are interspersed here and there; and the letters from the East, which are the longest, contain much interesting matter. The best things in the book, however, and worth sevenfold the cost of it, are the charming letters to children of which the public has already had a taste in *The Century*—only a taste, for dozens here are as good as any given there. Of his brief stay at Aden he writes to "Gertie": "I think I met Isaac and Jacob on two skinny camels, just outside the gates. I asked them how Esau was, but Jacob looked mad and wouldn't answer, and hurried the old man on, so that I had no talk with them; but I feel quite sure it was they, for they looked just like the pictures in the Bible." But we must not indulge in quotation, for it would be hard to know where to stop. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

"PHOTOGRAPHY INDOORS and Out," by Alexander Black, is intended for those photographers who do not make the pictures a secondary consideration and photo-chemistry the principal one. He therefore gives names and not symbols, when writing about chemicals; and he presents several pictures of which the funniest shows the results of the expansion of a negative, and the most artistic, a photograph touched up for reproduction as a book or magazine illustration. His work is nevertheless a practical one, and includes, in the guise of a short history of photography, much that will be of use to the amateur, followed by chapters on "The Home Gallery," "The Hand Camera," "Flash-light Photography," and other modern inventions; and by an appendix giving tables of the elements, formulas for developing dry plates, and other matter which is nothing if not useful. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—THE "American Annual of Photography" for 1894 presents a remarkably good "colortype" of a parrot, printed in three colors; a portrait of Prof. Johann Heinrich Schultze of Halle, the "Columbus of Photography," and many other interesting illustrations. Among the contributed articles the most remarkable are those on "Animal Motion in Art," "Photographic Star Brightness" and the "Constitution of and Relationship between Atomic Structure and the Developing Power of some Aromatic Compounds." (Scovill & Adams Co.)

AMONG this year's holiday books that are really fine but not costly, and at the same time have value and interest aside from their form and finish, one of the most noteworthy is "In the Track of the Sun; or, Readings from the Diary of a Globe-Trotter," by Frederick Diodati Thompson. It is made up of jottings from the journal of a tour round the world, copiously illustrated by remarkably good illustrations admirably reproduced from photographs taken *en route*. The author sailed from Vancouver to Japan, thence to China, Singapore and Ceylon, visiting India and Egypt, and then returning to New York by way of Italy, France and England. Small space, however, is given to these European countries, the bulk of the volume being wisely devoted to Asia and Egypt. The illustrations are the most interesting part of the volume, though the text is of more than average merit. The pictures are the more to be commended because the majority of them are new and particularly suited to giving us a vivid idea of the life of the regions visited. The architecture and scenery of the East have been made comparatively familiar by former writers and artists; but here we have much that is fresh and unhackneyed in photographs such as those of Indian snake-charmers, Japanese wrestlers, a Chinese execution, the burning of the dead on the banks of the sacred Ganges, and scores of other scenes equally rare and curious. The book is to be especially commended to students of Oriental life and character. (D. Appleton & Co.)

THE NEW edition of Mr. Arthur Waugh's "Alfred, Lord Tennyson," sold at half the price of the original issue, will be welcome to hundreds of readers who may have looked longingly at that sumptuous volume, but felt that they could not afford to buy it. The book has been revised and slightly extended by comments on the Laureate's last volume, and is now, in our opinion, the most complete, accurate, and generally satisfactory study of the life and work of the poet which has been given to the public. Of the occasional errors pointed out by us in a longer notice of the first edition, a few remain uncorrected; for instance, the story (p. 23) that the lines "You ask me why, though ill at ease," etc., are "almost a version in metre of a speech made by Spedding" at Cambridge in 1832. The poet, in a letter to Dr. Rolfe (cited in his edition of "Enoch Arden," etc., p. 153), says:—"The speech at the Cambridge Union is purely mythical; at least I never heard it, and no poem of mine was ever founded upon it." The story originally appeared in *The British Quarterly* of October, 1880. The statement that Lord Houghton visited Aldworth in July, 1867, is also repeated (p. 165), though this was two years before the house was finished, as Mr. Waugh himself makes plain on the very next page. The visit, as we happen to know from the best possible authority, was not earlier than 1870, and was probably in that year. All the original illustrations of the earlier issue are reproduced faultlessly. (Chas. L. Webster & Co.)

"THE LOVERS' YEAR-BOOK of Poetry," edited by Horace Parker Chandler, has been somewhat revised and the two volumes are uniformly and attractively bound in a style appropriate for Christmas. Within the range of poetry which is appropriate for such a collection, Mr. Chandler has made a very fair selection. We have already noticed the books in our issues of Dec. 5, 1891, and July 30, 1892. (Roberts Bros.)—A PRETTY BOOK of songs about the little ones is "Under the Nursery Lamp," first noticed in these columns on Dec. 27, 1890. The present edition is somewhat enlarged, and is embellished with photogravures that add much to its attractiveness. The verses have been chosen wisely and are certain to make happy the little folk into whose hands they may come. (A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)—A NORSE ROMANCE, by Mrs. O. M. Spofford, is about as guiltless of poetry as an ordinary advertisement. The illustrations are on a par with the verse. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—THE AUTHOR of "Song of the Passaic," Mr. John Alleyne Macnab, has written a poem which he calls "Legend of a Lake," and Mr. Edgar Mayhew Bacon has illustrated it. The result is that sort of book which one buys to give away at Christmas. It is hard to say which is the more interesting—the poem or the pictures. The book looks well when lying closed upon a table. (Geo. M. Allen Co.)

IF "SPARTA was sober before Socrates taught sobriety," maxims were written before Balzac wrote maxims. Still, the Socratic "sobriety" was an eminent advance even on the Spartan, and the Balzacian maxim possesses a point not often found even in La Rochefoucauld's. Perhaps, indeed, the popularity of Balzac is largely owing to the abundance of jewel-like sayings sprinkled over his pages, as the old Grecian Solon ordered his ashes to be sprinkled over his native land, as a sort of prophylactic against national decay. At all events these bits of intellectual charcoal scattered in epigrams over "La Comédie Humaine" go far to preserve it from

putrescence and vitalize it to a wonderful degree. It is difficult to dislodge the sparkling granules from their environment, but the compilers of "Miniatures from Balzac," Messrs. Griffin and Hill, have been very fortunate miners, and have collected quite a cabinet of gems from the French author's thousands of pages. In the Introduction we notice a bad blunder: Balzac is said to have been born in 1779. It is quite interesting to compare these apothegms with those of Goethe lately noticed in *The Critic*: the comparison brings out with startling clearness the differences between the French and the German intellect. (D. Appleton & Co.)—A PRETTY LITTLE pocket edition of Mary Russell Mitford's "Our Village," appears in a dainty violet-colored cover, and with a tastefully designed title-page. (Charles L. Webster & Co.)—THACKERAY'S SERIES of essays on "The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century" makes a handy volume, excellently printed and bound in brown cloth, stamped in gold. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)—"THE BOOK-LOVER'S ALMANAC" for 1894 has etchings, by Robida, of Montaigne in his library; of the book-stalls of the Sainte Chapelle in the seventeenth century; of book-hunting on the quays during the Revolution; and a bibliophile of the twentieth century surrounded by strange machinery of learning. There are numerous other illustrations and a colored border to each page. (Duprat & Co.)

A NEW and cheap edition of "The British Seas," by W. Clark Russell and others, contains all the excellent illustrations of the original issue, and is brought out in really handsome style everywhere. It is a series of picturesque sketches of the waters that surround the tight little island, with the adjacent shores and their scenery and life. The chapter on St. George's Channel—one of the best in the book—is by P. G. Hamerton. (Macmillan.)—"IN THE Footsteps of the Poets," by Prof. Masson and others, describes and illustrates the localities connected with the lives of Milton, Herbert, Cowper, Thomson, Wordsworth, Scott, the Brownings, and Tennyson. Some of the wood-engravings are coarse, but for the most part they are well done. The paper on Milton is the longest, filling nearly one-third of the book, but the others are good in their way. (Thos. Whitaker.)—A NEWLY revised and enlarged edition of the "Police and Prison Cyclopaedia," compiled by George W. Hale of the Lawrence, Mass., Police Department, contains new data on the English police telegraph system, and on several other subjects included in its scope. *The Critic* has already published a comprehensive review of a former edition of the work, which appears to be the only one in its field. (Boston: W. L. Richardson Co.)

THE "TIMES and Seasons Calendar" for 1894 is ornamented with a dozen pretty designs in colors: an English village scene in snow; a young shepherd under a blossoming hawthorn; Christ pronouncing the Parable of the Lilies are among the subjects selected. They are printed on heavy paper, with rough gilt edges. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)—"THE MADONNA CALENDAR" is ornamented with half a dozen photogravure pictures of the Madonna and Child, after paintings by Defregger, Fröschl and other German artists. They are well printed in inks of various colors. (Thomas Whitaker.)—"THE CATHOLIC Family Annual" for 1894 contains a biographical sketch of Brother Azarias, some "Chats with Cardinal Lavigerie" and articles on the Catholic Educational Exhibit at the World's Fair and the Parliament of Religions. (The Catholic Publication Society.)—"YULE-TIDE," Cassell's Christmas Annual, has a gorgeous red cover with a bunch of mistletoe, which contains a Christmas story, "The Man in Black," by Stanley J. Weyman, liberally illustrated, and several plates in two tones. A large picture in colors, of a small boy communicating some great secret to a big dog, is presented with the number. It is called "Don't Tell," and is copied from a painting by Mr. A. G. Elsley. (Cassell Pub. Co.)—WE HAVE RECEIVED a "Longfellow Calendar" for 1894, with a picture of the poet and one, in colors, of his stalwart blacksmith on the front, and postal and other information at the back. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

Fiction

THE READER is frankly informed, in Rider Haggard's preface to "Montezuma's Daughter," of the short and easy way of dealing with Mexican history which the author has adopted. "The more unpronounceable of the Aztec names are shortened in many instances out of consideration for the patience of the reader." This leads to the comic and almost irreverent effect of having Popocatepetl reduced to "Popo," and Huiztelcoatl familiarly addressed as "Huiztel," etc. In all this we suspect that Mr. Haggard too surely anticipated the determination of his public to reduce history to the point of suppression; to historical realism, in fact, his latest story can make no pretence, the common-

places of Prescott being set off by impossible Spanish names and localities, spelled out of all recognition. But this, of course, is only the framework which the conventionalities of art make necessary, if inconvenient, for Mr. Haggard's customary *mélange* of adventure, love, fate, revenge and death. He puts it all into the mouth of a garrulous nonagenarian, whose long-drawn reminiscences prolong the thrills and the suspense in a way that can only be described as lazily luxurious. (Longmans, Green & Co.)—MR. KIRK MUNROE has studied his authorities to good purpose, and in the main has made the setting of "The White Conquerors" of a sort that is not impossible. This is a good meed of praise, as such things go; though the question still remains whether youthful readers are to be bamboozled into getting their history thus encrusted upon a story, and whether the tale itself will not suffer, in their minds, from the very fulness and accuracy of its historic dress. We confess to having found his archaeologically correct combats rather tedious, and his religious and tribal differences and feuds historically plausible, but actually plodding. However, a less jaded taste than that of a weary reviewer may respond more promptly to Mr. Munroe's stimulus. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

MR. COULSON KERNAHAN'S new book has been awaited with flattering interest. As the author of "A Dead Man's Diary" he attracted more than usual attention. Instead of following up his success at once with another book, he lay fallow for three years; and now he gives us "A Book of Strange Sins." Each story in the book is a study of crime or sin. Mr. Kernahan has not chosen these subjects for the sake of being sensational, but to show "the influence of these crimes and sins upon the men and women who commit them." It is the "secret of souls and not of sins" into which he has attempted to look. One is impressed with his earnestness, and the stories, while they are not cheerful reading, have an uncanny fascination of their own. "The Lonely God" and "The Garden of God" are in a brighter vein, but it would take something more than these to eradicate the painful impression left by the reading of such stories as "A Literary Gent" and "The Apples of Sin." There is an air of truth about these confessions, for that is what most of them are, that adds to their painfulness. Mr. Kernahan has chosen a strange field for his pen. He has it to himself, for the others who have tried it have failed. (Ward, Lock & Bowden.)

"L'IN 32" which Béranger loved and celebrated—that sonnet of the book-maker's art—seems this year to have been peculiarly appreciated by New York publishers, as it were in answer to Mr. Barrie's plea for smaller books. The Messrs. Scribner have produced, during the past summer, the daintiest little series imaginable, into which are collected short stories from their magazines. Of these issues, entitled respectively "Stories of New York" and "Stories of the Railway," we must award the palm to Mr. Hibbard's "As the Sparks fly Upward," which fulfils all the canons of the art of making a short story. It has a lively beginning, a thrilling middle part and a satisfactory end, and shines like one of the "pleasant jewels" of King Solomon's store. But we have named only the best. Some of the other tales seem hardly worth re-publication; from the travail of parturient words are born incidents proportioned like the mouse of the fable. And yet—to vary the metaphor—if there is much froth, there is also amber. So in the "Stories of Italy," Mr. Russell Sullivan is represented in that careful essay in the emotions "The Anatomist of the Heart," and Mr. Hopkinson Smith, the versatile, by a sketch of Venice as highly tinted as one of his own brilliant water-colors. After all, the little volumes are worth while—for railway divertisement or the quiet hour. They certainly bid for the force of Dr. Johnson's dictum—their motto:—"Books that you may carry to the fire and hold readily in your hand are the most useful, after all." (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

AN ODD, though decidedly clever little book, with a misleading title, is called "The Love-Affairs of an Old Maid." At first glance one would be apt to say that this old maid wished to assure us that her estate of single blessedness was not enforced but was the result of deliberate choice. But no; she is too wise, apparently, to talk about her own love-affairs, and she states that her title embodies a popular prejudice which decrees that the love-affairs of an old maid are necessarily those of other people. Tender, sympathetic and responsive by nature, she is a receptacle for all the confidences that the lovers of both sexes who cross her path are desirous of reposing in some one. Of course each thinks his experience unique, and of course it must be told, and what more fitting than to confide it to an old maid, who could not be suspected of having an affair of her own on hand to absorb her? She listens always with interest, responds readily to the call made upon her, gives such advice as she feels certain will be adopted, and the interview ends in the individual's making love to her, to show his

appreciation, and leaving her with another chapter in her study of human geese. She is full of humor, and the views she gives us of the internal mechanism of the engagements she participates in by proxy are diverting in the extreme. This entertaining little volume is written by Lilian Bell. (Harper & Bros.)

CHAMPFLEURY'S LITTLE story "The Faience Violin," is simply delicious. From it he has dismissed all the usual master motives that govern the novel, and has found an original passion of human nature in the ardent zeal that drives the collector of bric-à-brac in general to every kind of comical and almost pathetic excess. As a story it is simple enough: a famous collector, living in Paris, enlists a friend in his cause and induces him to look for rare specimens of faience in the old province of Nevers. The friend, an indifferent novice in the beginning, becomes possessed of the fury of the collector in a little while, and Champfleury takes us through all phases of the mania with him. He does not at first notice the change in himself—how his enthusiasm for everything else in life has cooled—but his eyes take, as it were, a permanent crockery lustre, and reflect the brilliant ceramic colors that are beginning to glow in the recesses of his heart. Jealousy soon poisons his mind against his master, and it is evident that friendship and the bric-à-brac passion cannot exist together in the same breast. He ends by keeping his discoveries for himself, instead of forwarding them to Paris, and the climax is reached over a faience violin which the master comes himself to Nevers to secure. The accurate study of life and of human nature exhibited here, the keen appreciation of the mania itself, and the infinite sense of humor displayed in the manner in which it is put before us are something wonderful as well as very charming. (D. Appleton & Co.)

THE SCENE OF "Not Angels Quite," by Nathan Haskell Dole, is laid in Boston and opens with a runaway, in which a girl is rescued by a young man, with the usual love affair between the two as a result. The small fact that each is engaged to some one else interferes a little at first with the consummation of the affair. The girl, however, has been sent to Boston by her father to wean her, if possible, from the man she is engaged to, so their ultimate separation is an easily accomplished thing. The other victim in question—the girl, begins after a while, with a woman's intuitive knowledge of such things, to see that her lover's letters are strained; so, suspecting that his ardor is cooling, she breaks the engagement and leaves the two free to marry. They lose no time in doing so, and shortly afterwards sail for Europe, where, in the course of time, they meet their former *fiancés*, married. The book claims to be wholly modern—*fin de siècle* in method and style—and therefore interesting to the younger iconoclasts, who are tired of the old methods. This may be true, perhaps is, but the modern type selected to build the story upon will not appeal to the cultivated palate. It is modern, but inartistic, and at times almost silly. (Lee & Shepard.)

Miss Seawell's "Paul Jones"

THACKERAY'S UNFINISHED novel, "Denis Duval," never reached the promised description of the memorable encounter of the Bonhomme Richard as seen from the decks of the British frigate Serapis. All Americans have regretted this, for the Master's touch must have added new glory to the already world-wide fame of Commodore Paul Jones. We can be well content, however, with the spirited rehearsal of the incidents enacted off Scarborough on Sept. 23, 1784, which is now presented by Molly Elliot Seawell in her recently published story, "Paul Jones." A conscientious study of the sources of history has equipped this capable author for her task, which, none will gainsay, was well undertaken. The writer of these lines only the other day purchased in the Canongate in Edinburgh a still current chap-book history of the conqueror of the Serapis couched in terms of melodramatic warning. "Piracy," it said, is the inevitable consequence of early peccadilloes. Miss Seawell comes to the rescue of a fair fame—and her defense is not unnecessary, as readers of that conscientious fomentor of national prejudices, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, can bear witness. But, after all, the epithet "pirate" is not much of a slur. If Paul Jones was a pirate, George Washington was a brigand, and the latter's reputation has withstood even Carlyle's threat to "take George down a bit." Had history treated either of these patriots differently, who can tell by what names they would now be called? We sometimes forget the force of the remark which made Charles Carroll add "of Carrollton" to his signature of the Declaration of Independence. "Gentlemen, this may be hanging business," suggested some one, and the devoted delegate from Maryland took up his pen once more to distinguish himself from another who bore the same name. That was fine, but lacking success it was "hanging business," and so Paul Jones well knew. But he won, and in this, we may remind Mr. Kipling, he resembled Drake and Howard and other much-sung heroes

whom once upon a time the contemptuous Spaniard also labelled "pirate." Miss Seawell tells her story with a mettle worthy of its subject. "Paul Jones ever loved close fighting," wrote Franklin. (D. Appleton & Co.)

Other Books for the Young

"NO HEROES" is a story for boys, by Blanche Willis Howard. A boy of fifteen, belonging to a family not very well-to-do in this world's goods, has the opportunity to go off on a sailing vessel to the West Indies. His imagination is fired by all he has read of the South, and he longs to go with his whole heart. Just then a smallpox epidemic breaks out in the town. The boy's father is the only physician there, and he greatly needs some one to assist him. The young chap bravely puts his pleasure aside and stays to nurse the sick. Of course, the old fellow whom he nurses becomes devoted to him, and of course the trip to the West Indies is kept for him until he can go. This is a story of a very commonplace type, but it is well told and not uninteresting. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

"TWENTY YEARS AT SEA," by Frederic Stanhope Hill, brings one back to the old days, "before the War," with yarns of mutinies, "shanghaiing," pirates, runaways, failures to get drowned, and California before the discovery of gold. These tales, the author admits, may not be altogether veracious. He pleads guilty to taking "a little—a very little—license, such as must be allowed any old barnacle-back when he starts out to spin a yarn." But the stories contained in the second division of the book, which are drawn from the memories of four years' naval service during the War, he proffers as "veritable experiences" and meat for the historian. Among these is an account of some very curious and complicated bungling—a comedy of errors that might easily have had a tragical end—in the handling of the fleet at the mouth of the Mississippi in October, 1861. The running of the forts and the capture of New Orleans; a Christmas passed in a ruined lighthouse, within hailing distance of a Southern camp; an account of the Fort Pillow "massacre," and an incident which might have changed the result of Sherman's march through Georgia are among the most interesting episodes. All the stories, whatever admixture of fancy they may contain, are well told, and they make an entertaining book for boys with a taste for matters nautical or military. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

AMONG THE MANY juveniles that the advent of the holidays has called forth is one by Mr. Hunt, entitled "Brave Lads and Bonnie Lassies." One of the strongest arguments in favor of the now rejected "great man" theory of history, of Carlyle's hero-worship, is that the altruistic and inspiring deeds of great men stir the imagination, and lift the mind from the sordid details of an everyday life to the emulation of what is noblest in man. Such a result this volume must have, and it will undoubtedly instill into the youthful mind many ennobling ideals of chivalry, self-sacrifice and courage. The stories are drawn from most diverse fields, from China, Egypt, Europe and America, from the great men in literature as well as in politics. Thus, one tale deals with the life of Kate Douglas, the heroine of one of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's most beautiful poems, and another narrates the meeting of Shakespeare, "rare old Ben" and Capt. John Smith in Raleigh's resort, the Mermaid Tavern. Other chapters deal with dramatic episodes closely connected with the lives of William the Conqueror, Chevalier Bayard and Frederick the Great. As is usual in books of this character, fiction and reality are mingled most closely; even more often than Thucydides, Mr. Hunt places in the mouths of his protagonists words that were not, but might have been, spoken. (Hunt & Eaton.)

THE RIVER AND WILDERNESS Series, by Edward S. Ellis, consists of three books for boys: "The River Fugitives," a tale of the Wyoming massacre; "The Wilderness Fugitives," a sequel to it; and "Lena Wingo," which is a sequel to the sequel. The illustrations, mostly in pen-and-ink, give a fair idea of the nature of the incidents described in the three volumes. In the frontispiece to the first is shown an Indian queen brandishing a tomahawk over a captive's head; succeeding which we have a picture of a log-house, with a lady letting herself drop from a window; a forest glade with an encounter of Indian and backwoodsman; and, continuing through the other volumes, a picture of an Indian and others exploring a cave; one of a river-scene at night with signal-lights on the banks; a fight over a camp-fire, and an "infuriated buck" about to tomahawk a young woman. (St. Paul: The Price McGill Co.)

A VOLUME COMES into our hands that touches a chord of memory and affection that will never cease to vibrate. It bears the name of Miss Alcott, and is called "Comic Tragedies." It is a collection of plays that were written and performed by Jo and Meg when they were Little Women up in the old barn-loft of the home in Concord. Comic tragedies indeed they are, gressome and awful, full of stage-whispers and false feelings; much too bloodthirsty for the

young people of to-day, who, like their elders, prefer the complex emotions of life to the simple passions of love, hate, revenge and jealousy. Exceedingly interesting as specimens of the ingenuity and eloquence of the Little Women, the plays may win their way into the *répertoire* of some stage-struck children. If so, they will find the greatest assistance in stage-managing, costuming, carpentering, and so forth, in the explanatory notes by Meg, who has given explicit instructions as to how two or three enterprising little persons can do the work of a whole company of actors; how one may be now a witch of fearful mien, and next a lovely lady in distress, and then a knight in martial guise. Instructions as to amateur cave-making, castle-making and forest-growing are given, too, as the scenes in which these are needed appear. Fearful, indeed, was the earnestness of the little people who wrote and played these mock-heroics—an earnestness which now spends itself in weeping over stories like "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "The Story of Patsy," but which may find more healthful expression in the activity demanded by these "Comic Tragedies." The book is arranged by Mrs. Anna B. Pratt, the Meg of "Little Women." (Roberts Bros.)

"JOHN BOYD'S ADVENTURES," by Col. Thomas W. Knox, is the story of a lad who was a merchant sailor, man-of-war's-man, privateersman, pirate and Algerian slave. Col. Knox is an experienced narrator as well as an experienced traveller, but unless one has read the book, it takes a vast deal of confidence in the author to believe that so much adventure can be crowded into one volume. It has been, however, and successfully. John Boyd, a simple Connecticut lad, came down to New York in 1800 and, getting his first sight of salt water from the brig for which he had signed, found himself at once launched into a sea of perils, from which a man in those troublesome times was glad to escape with his life. As it was, he lived to take many voyages and to rise to the command of a ship. The story is told with a fine swing and with the freedom from interrupting explanation and details that boys so sincerely value in their books. (D. Appleton & Co.)—A CHARMING STORY of its kind is a little book called "Melody," by Mrs. Laura E. Richards, the author of "Captain January." Melody was a little country girl who was blind, and to whom kind Mother Nature had given as recompense a marvellous voice. She had, too, that wonderful perception that is often given to the blind, and she knew all the people and animals and chickens in the village; knew their walk, knew if they were ill or sorrowful, knew their very hearts, whether they were good or evil. Melody lived with her two old maiden aunts, Vesta and Rejoice Dale, but a dark hour came one day when a great manager heard Melody sing, as she was out in the fields. From that moment he coveted the glory she could shed upon him if he could bring her out. So he stole Melody, because her aunts would not let him have her, and took her to the city. But the music in her heart was dead and she refused to sing. No cajoling, no threat could win a note from her, though music finally brought her back to her simple life and her village folk. This is the outline of a tale that is touchingly told and embellished here and there with light fancy and quaint, old-time rhymes. But we fear that Mrs. Richards has committed the error that Mrs. Ewing sometimes did, of writing over the heads of her childish readers, and of charging her tale, whose outline is so sweet and simple, with reflections and sentiments they can but vaguely understand, and soulful emotions that interrupt the progress of the story. (Estes & Lauriat.)

THERE ARE NAMES that can never appear too often in the world of books, and one of them is that of Susan Coolidge, the author of "What Katie Did." Many are the girls, now grown up into women with girls of their own, who received half their teaching toward unselfishness and helpfulness to others from the reading of Katie's efforts to overcome her faults. Miss Coolidge's heroines are not prigs; neither are they sentimental nonentities, though we do think her later ones have the fault of modernity—a fate her earlier ones escaped. Her young women nowadays are apt to be critical and self-conscious, with a distinct recognition of the advantages that the possession of certain intellectual and spiritual and social qualities give one in this world. In fact, they have waked up to the knowledge that they are the young women so important in American society, so deferred to in literature; and they are somewhat inclined to push this advantage. That this is the state of affairs in real life, from which Miss Coolidge draws her pictures, no one will doubt who knows a lot of college-girls and sees the position they occupy in the household and the community. "The Barberry Bush" contains eight stories besides its initial one, all of which are written with a naturalness that makes the reader believe in the living identity of each character. As to "The Barberry Bush" itself, we think it almost a cardinal sin to write of a deliciously cool, clean, country inn, furnished in old-fashioned style, where the

nepery is spotless, the evil fly unknown, and Parmesan cheese is served with the *consommé*, unless the author is ready to come out with a card to the public and tell where it exists. (Roberts Bros.)

"TALKS BY QUEER FOLKS," by Mary E. Bamford, are descriptions of animal life by the animals themselves. "A Cry from a Menagerie" comes from the hyena, who protests against the bad name that menagerie owners give him. "A Blue Jay's Jabbering," "A Sea Anemone's Sighings" and "A Tree Toad's Chirpings" are others of the "Talks." All are curiously illustrated. (D. Lothrop Co.)—"THE CHILD'S DAY BOOK," arranged and compiled by Margaret Sidney, gives appropriate selections, prose and poetry, for every day of the month, with many pictures in black and in colors. Its cover is printed in colors, with a picture of children climbing upstairs. (D. Lothrop Co.)—"ODD BUSINESS," by J. L. Budgman, contains many pictorial advertisements of such queer business firms as the "Ted and Tot Combination" and the "Star Scraper Line." Both text and illustrations are very amusing. (D. Lothrop Co.)

MOST DELIGHTFUL of all the many books for children that have recently appeared about Columbus is John Russell Coryell's "Diccon the Bold." Some months ago Mr. Coryell published a spirited story of the voyages of Columbus, called "Diego Pinzon." In that, he proved that he knew the period well, and in the description of the adventures of the young nephew of Admiral Pinzon showed his sympathy with, and understanding of, boyish natures. In "Diccon the Bold," the chief interest centres in the character of the hero rather than in that of the period. Stories about Columbus are multiplying with rapidity, and as boys become familiar with that adventurous time in history, they grow more critical of the story itself. Consequently, it behooves an author to see that he does not overload his book with historical *minutiae*, or underestimate the quick imagination that makes a boy take in a bygone period after a few sentences of description. It is just this perception of the true proportion of history to fiction that should characterize boys' books that makes "Diccon the Bold" so delightful. Diccon was a stout-hearted, generous, impulsive English lad, who was always getting into scrapes through his quick tongue and his fearless temper; for some of which he nearly paid with his life. But he always bore his punishment with pluck, and never deserted a friend. Consequently, he fared not so badly in life; though he many times came near losing success through his own foolhardiness. The illustrations by F. S. Dellenbaugh add not a little to the pleasure the book will give. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"DOGS I HAVE KNOWN" is the characteristic title of the biographies of sundry canines which at different times have enjoyed the companionship of the Rev. Harry Jones. The book, which is a very little one, is a reprint from various English magazines of a number of essays which the author has been "provoked to put together." The work will, perhaps, afford some entertainment to young people who are interested in the dog-world. (E. & J. B. Young & Co.)—A BOOK THAT will give American lads an insight into the manners and customs of a country strange to most of them, is "The Children of the Mountains," by Gordon Stables, Surgeon, Royal Navy. This is a story of life in the Scotch Highlands, and is an entertaining description of all the customs and traditions that have made those mountain-folk the most provincial and loyal of people, whose fealty to their clan allegiance has added a new word to the English language. The author has taken it for granted that his young readers know little or nothing of life in the Highlands, and, in order to anticipate all questions about such things as wearing the kilt, the dirk, the plaid, and so forth, he has made one of his characters an American lad of Scotch ancestry. His ignorance and desire for knowledge form the cloak under which all the interesting details are told. The book is not didactic, but it is long, containing 550 pages, and runs the risk of tiring its young readers, who sometimes complain of having too much of a good thing. (E. & J. B. Young & Co.)

"Harper's Young People for 1893" has a fine portrait of Lincoln, engraved by Kruell, for frontispiece, and on the title-page, a picture of the caravels of Columbus. The text opens with Mr. Kirk Munroe's "Raftmates"; and includes, among other good stories, "Prof. Von Wachs's Wonderful Boy," by Mr. William Drysdale; "The Lord of Rags and Tatters," a tale in rhyme, by Charles and Virginia Benjamin; "A Great Speculation," by Mr. James Otis; and "Caught in the Tunnel," an adventure in Brazil, by David Kerr. There are pictures of the opening of the World's Fair, from instantaneous photographs; and of Orientals of the old Cairo Street, with their donkeys, apes and gazelles; and the big revolving wheel, and the great statue of the Republic. There are

comic sketches and stories, poems on "An Autumn Bonfire," "The Boy who Would Not Go to Bed," and "The Coming Man"; "A Thanksgiving Play," by Margaret Sangster; and many entertaining and instructive essays. (Harper & Bros.)—"STEPHEN MITCHELL'S JOURNEY," by Mrs. G. R. Allen, is one of the Pansy books, the eighty-ninth, we believe, of that extensive series. It tells of the religious experience of a certain community, and will doubtless find many sympathetic readers who can compare their awakening with that of Stephen Mitchell and derive comfort from his struggles and his victories. (D. Lothrop Co.)—A GAY LITTLE book, in a bright flame-colored cover, and adorned with colored pictures within, is by Mrs. Molesworth, and is called "The Thirteen Little Black Pigs and Other Stories." It is a collection of salutary little tales, each with a tiny moral gently accentuated, and will make a pretty gift for young children. No one writes more delightfully for children than Mrs. Molesworth. She is without false emotions, does not dwell on the doleful or rack their hearts with grievous situations beyond their age, and always shows a keen sympathy for their little trials and woes. (E. & J. B. Young.)

Paul Verlaine

VERLAINE was born in Metz in 1844, and published his first bundle of verse, "Poèmes Saturniens," in 1866. This volume shows how strongly he felt the influence of the literary movement of the day. Still, there are strophes even here that seem to have foreshadowed what was to come—flashes of originality, tokens of revolt and the desire for independence. The book has therefore an enduring value for purposes of comparative study.

"Parnassien" with François Coppée, *decadent*, symbolist and mystic, the peerless master of his mother-tongue, and at times its merciless tyrant, Verlaine has followed all his life the intangible harmony of words and music, and has attained it more than once. He dreams of symphonies in rhyme and rhythm, of music in assonance and the sound of words; he strives, above all, for symbolism, the harmony of form and thought. He is a mystery to all that know him. Always himself in his poems, associating all his soul, his life with every line he writes, he has remained alone and unsolved by those that worship him. How great is the power that drives him from within, is best shown by the fact that he, the ardent wooer of melody, does not fear a discord where music fails to translate his thought.

The "Terrible Year" witnessed the appearance of "La Bonne Parole." Childlike in its simplicity, almost womanly in its tenderness, it heralded to the world that a new poet had arisen in France. A year before, in 1869, were published his "Fêtes Galantes," which showed the first traces of the melancholia that changed to morbidness in "Romances sans Paroles," given to the world in 1874. Then came "Jadis et Naguère," the Bible of the young *decadents*, the perfection of their methods and aims. But the master is always greater than his followers, and through all Verlaine's poetry there runs an aspiration that is too high, too delicate for the *decadent* school; even the worst of his verse is far removed from the gratuitous indecencies of his contemporaries—from the unspeakable "Blasphèmes" of Richepin. Moreover, he is always lucid; the meaning of his most delicate shadings and half-tones is clear to his reader, because he understands their significance as well as feels their charm.

Verlaine was silent after that for many years, the mystery closing around him until he had disappeared completely. There are strange tales of suffering and privation, of sin and excesses, of defiance of the laws of man. He was counted no longer a living force in French letters, when, in 1881, he came forward with "Sagesse," a volume of mystic Catholicism that drew to him anew the attention of the world. Symbolism is the keynote of these poems, faith their chorus; and through the best of them runs a medieval mysticism, potent in charm, haunting and unforgettable. The following strophes, chosen at random, make their reader dream of some transept black with age, of golden sunlight streaming through high stained-windows, of the faint odor of incense and the slowly dying echo of a distant benediction:—

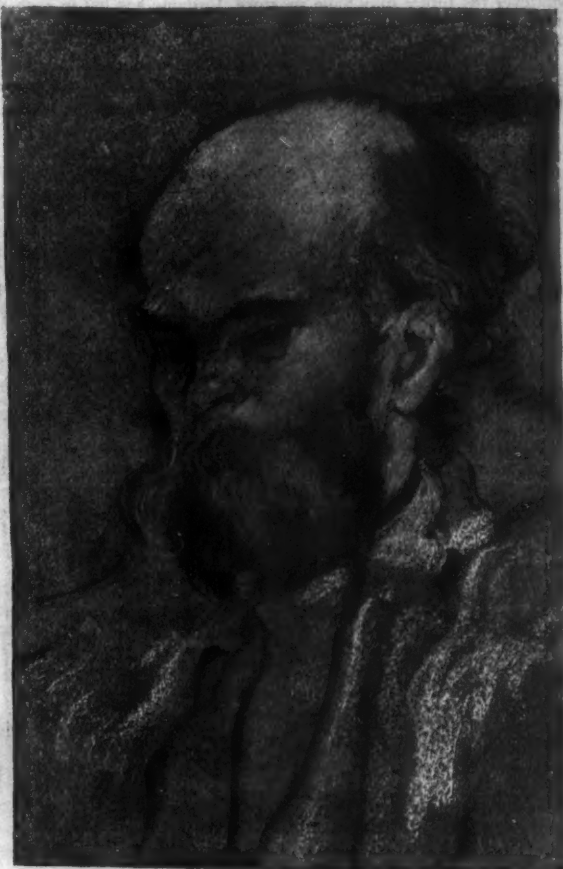
"JUN.

"Mois de Jésus, mois rouge et or, mois de l'Amour,
Juin, pendant quel le cœur en fleur et l'âme en flamme
Se sont épanouis dans la splendeur du jour
Parmi des chants et des parfums d'épithalame.
Mois du Saint-Sacrement et mois du Sacré-Cœur,
Mois splendide du Sang réel, de la Chair vraie,
Pendant quel l'herbe mûre offre à l'été vainqueur
Un champ clos où le blé triomphe de l'ivraie,
Et pendant quel, nous misérables, nous pécheurs,
Remémorés de la Présence non-paraille,
Nous sentons ravivés en retours vengeurs
Contre Satan, pour des triomphes que surveille

Du ciel là-haut, et sur terre, de l'ostensoir,
L'adoré, l'adorable Amour sanglant et chaste,
Et du sein douloureux où gîte notre espoir
Le Cœur, le Cœur brûlant que le désir dévaste,

Le désir de sauver les nôtres, ô Bonté
Essentielle, de leur gagner la victoire
Éternelle. Et l'encens de l'immuable été
Monte mystiquement en des douceurs de gloire."

"Sagesse" marks the highest sphere to which Verlaine has yet risen. There is much in it that is bad and might better have remained unwritten. But one is carried away by the lofty flight of its masterpieces, and easily forgets its failures.



PAUL VERLAINE

Verlaine is a dreamer, and the word is found incessantly in his verse. Here is a "dream"—one among many—illustrating almost to perfection alike his method and his thought:—

"MON RÊVE FAMILIER."

"Je fais souvent ce rêve érange et pénétrant
D'une femme inconnue, et que j'aime, et qui m'aime,
Et qui n'est, chaque fois, ni tout à fait la même
Ni tout à fait une autre, et m'aime et me comprend.
Car elle me comprend, et mon cœur, transparent
Pour elle seule, hélas! cesse d'être un problème
Pour elle seule, et les moiteurs de mon front blême,
Elle seule les sait rafraîchir, en pleurant.
Est-elle brune, blonde ou rousse? Je l'ignore.
Son nom? Je me souviens qu'il est doux et sonore
Comme ceux des aimés que la vie exila.
Son regard est pareil au regard des statues,
Et, pour sa voix, lointaine, et calme, et grave, elle a
L'inflexion des voix chères qui se sont tuées."

Verlaine hates the crowd, and despises the conventionalities of life. He revolts against the *bourgeoisie*, which has made his erstwhile companion, the homely, smooth-flowing Coppée, its idol. He has occupied the forty-first *fauteuil* of the French Academy for many years, and does not believe in starched collars. The marble-

topped tables and leather-cushioned sofas of the *cafés* are more to his liking than the literary salons of Paris. He has been a wanderer on the face of the earth, even an inmate of penitentiaries: he is the soul-mate of Villon. He is a *névrosé*—he suffers from that malady of the soul which is caused by the lack of equilibrium. His sins have scourged him and his aspirations have opened before his eyes the gates of Heaven. Unconsciously and without questioning, he follows the beckoning hand of destiny, which has lain, perhaps for centuries, upon the shoulders of his unknown ancestry.

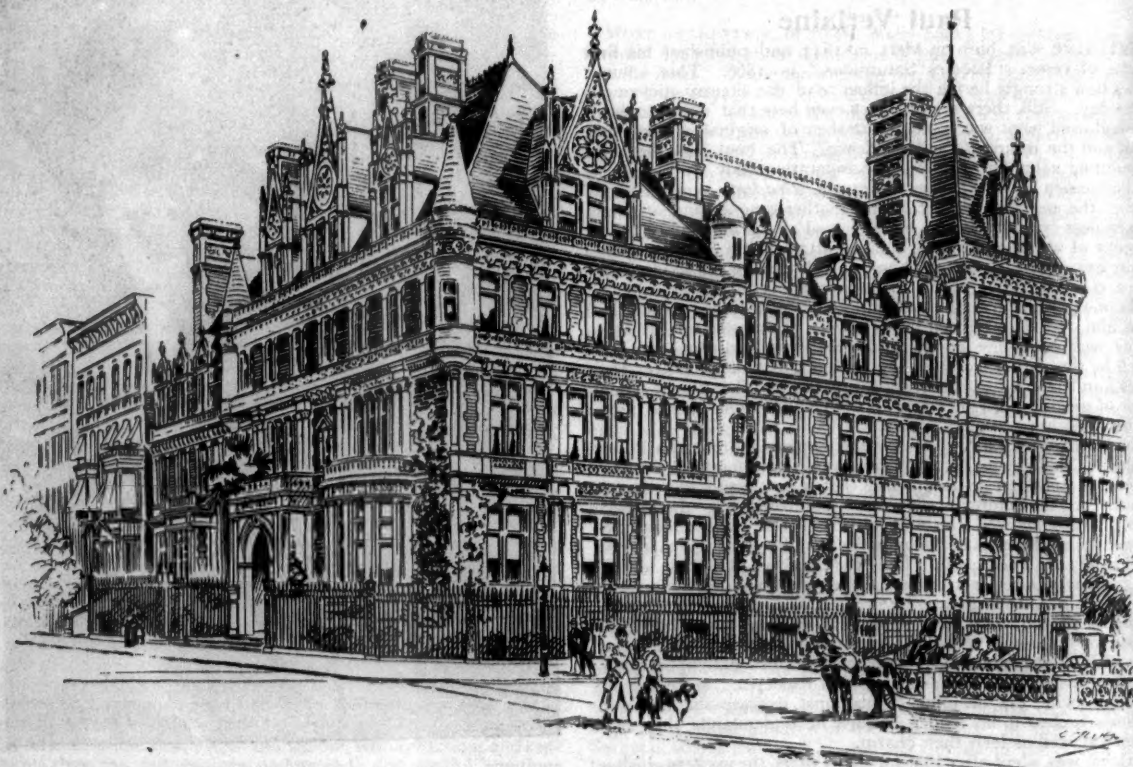
Since "*Sagesse*" was written, he has published other books that show a return to his earlier moods, and new phases of his mental life. He may disappear again, and return with new ideals and higher aspirations: the world may have seen the last of him. But whatever the future may have in store, Verlaine has left in each of his works more than the hundred lines that suffice to bring immortality.

It is impossible to trace the extent of his influence upon contemporary literature. It is felt most potently in France, of course; but echoes of his strains have been heard in dark, mystic Russia,

Mr. Vanderbilt's New House

THERE WILL BE many guesses as to the amount of money that has gone to the making of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt's city house, which has just been doubled or trebled in size; but close though some of these guesses may be, the exact figures will never be disclosed. It is enough to know—if anything needs to be known—that many a man correctly rated as a millionaire would find himself impoverished, if obliged to pay the expense its enlargement has involved. What makes the building of interest to New Yorkers is not its cost, but its merit from an architectural point of view. It might be (as it actually is) the largest dwelling-house occupied by a single family in the city of New York, without justifying the reproduction in these columns of the picture which appeared in last Sunday's *Times*. Being so large and so conspicuously placed, it is a source of rejoicing to all who take pride in the appearance of the city that it is also one of the handsomest houses in America.

The house which Mr. Vanderbilt has occupied for the past ten years, and of which the present structure is an enlargement, stands



RESIDENCE OF CORNELIUS VANDERBILT

and in stolid Holland, in which country, however, his symbolism has been mistaken for impressionism in words—his mysticism for hieratic obscurity. His mind does not appeal to the Teuton; but the Latin races, like the dreamy Slav, have felt the idealism of his thought. In England he has been received, not by the journalists, as was Zola, but by the leaders in letters and art; and America, which has given to France a *décadent* poet in Stuart Merrill, will understand and appreciate what is best and noblest in his work.

Verlaine has published since 1866 thirteen volumes of poetry, six volumes of prose, a one-act comedy in verse, and has in preparation three additional volumes of poetry: "*Invectives*," "*Dédicaces*" and "*Dans les Limbes*." A selection from his works, translated into English, is now announced by a publisher in London, where Verlaine, as indicated in our London Letter, a week ago, has been the lion of the day. The accompanying excellent portrait is reproduced from *The Pall Mall Budget*.

NEGOTIATIONS are pending for the purchase for the General Theological Seminary of New York of a collection of 543 Latin Bibles—the largest and one of the most valuable in the world. The books are the property of Prof. Copinger, who has offered them for sale through Sotheman & Co. of London. The purchase price is said to be about \$20,000.

at the northwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street. The scheme of its extension necessitated the removal of the five houses next above it on the avenue. As reconstructed, it is 125 feet square and four stories high, and resembles a wing of the Château de Blois. The plans for rebuilding were drawn by Mr. George B. Post, and the work of carrying them out has taken Mr. David H. King, Jr., a little less than two years. We quote from the description of the house as given in the *Times*:—

"It is a fire-proof structure surmounted by a red tile roof. The walls are built of pressed brick, with trimmings of light Bedford stone, highly carved. From base to finials its proportions are symmetrical, and its ornamentation artistic. An ornamental iron fence 8 feet high, and painted black, will surround the building, protecting pretty landscape effects on the three exposed sides of the house. Broad grass plots with evergreen shrubs will extend along Fifty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue, and on Fifty-eighth Street there will be a lawn space nearly 50 by 125 feet in dimensions. There will be two gates on Fifty-eighth Street, with a circular carriage-way up through the *porte cochère*. This entrance, being one floor lower than the main entrance on Fifty-seventh Street, will probably be used only on state occasions.

"A peep on the first floor discloses a suite of admirably-arranged apartments, well fitted by their size and decoration to grace this

most sumptuous of private houses. The whole scheme of this floor is as perfect in its relative proportions as anything could be made, architecturally. Passing through the broad entrance from Fifty-seventh Street, the visitor will find himself in a grand hall, 40 by 50 feet in dimension, with a ceiling 35 feet high. This hall is made entirely of Caen stone, after the French style followed in the interior of the Château de Blois. To the right is the library, a large and cheery apartment, 25 by 35, occupying the corner on Fifty-seventh Street, and Fifth Avenue, and looking out upon the first-named thoroughfare through a very broad bowed window. Adjoining the library on the Fifth Avenue side is the small salon, 20 by 35 feet in dimensions. This is finished in Louis XVI. style. The large salon, which also extends along the Fifth Avenue side of the house, is 50 feet long and 35 feet broad, and is decorated in the Louis XV. style. Adjoining it, and looking out upon Fifth Avenue and Fifty-eighth Street, is the water-color room, into which ascends a broad Caen stone stairway from the reception rooms below.

"Directly back of the main hall, and extending through to Fifty-eighth Street, is the large ballroom, which is truly an imposing room, being 65 feet long, 50 feet broad, and 35 feet high. This also is decorated after the style prevailing in the Château de Blois. To the west of the ballroom is a spacious Moorish smoking-room, facing Fifty-eighth Street, and adjoining that is the dining-room, 30 by 40 feet in dimensions. At the left end of the main entrance is a pleasant room, 20 by 30 feet, which will be used by Mr. Vanderbilt as an office. Beyond that, on the Fifty-eighth Street side, is the breakfast-room. With the exception of the two rooms last mentioned, this entire floor can be thrown into practically one apartment."

The Lounger

THE CATALOGUE of a Portion of the Library of Mr. Edmund Gosse which is being printed in an edition of sixty-five copies, for subscribers, will contain many hitherto unpublished poems—including the following quatrain, by Austin Dobson, "Upon Perusal of This Work" (the catalogue itself):—

"I doubt your painful Pedants who
Can read a Dictionary through;
But he must be a dismal dog
Who can't enjoy this Catalogue!"

* * *

I FIND A GOOD DEAL of interesting reading in *The Writer*. It seems to take me among a different class of literary workers from those I find myself thrown with in New York. I admit that I do not always recognize the names as those of writers with whose works I am acquainted; but that may be my misfortune. At the same time, they seem to be—if one may judge from what they say of their methods, etc.—exceedingly busy. That they are terribly in earnest there is not the slightest doubt. In the current number I find a little paper on a writer's outfit. There is something rather pathetic to me in this description of the writing paraphernalia of the young woman who signs the article, but I doubt whether she regards it in that way. She is evidently delighted with her work, and quite satisfied with her "outfit." Those writers whose portraits are to be found in the popular magazines, showing them at work in their studies, surrounded by every luxury of the upholsterer's and the stationer's art, will read with wonder of the little stock-in-trade of this Western writer; yet I dare say that many of them began with quite as humble belongings. The whole paraphernalia of this writer cost her just three dollars and a half; and for the sake of other ambitious but impecunious young authors she tabulates it as follows:—

* 1 kitchen table (with drawer).....	75 cents	1 mucilage stand..	15 cents
1 sheet of blotting paper	05 "	1 pint bottle of ink.	25 "
1 inkstand.....	50 "	1 bottle red ink....	10 "
* 1 fancy tumbler.....	10 "	Rubber bands.....	25 "
* 1 penrack.....	10 "	* 1 writer's dumb waiter.....	75 "
		1 oil-cloth cover..	50 "

* * *

THE ARTICLES marked with a star she counts as luxuries—that is, they can be dispensed with. Another luxury, which is not included in this list, is "an ordinary bedroom toilet-stand," containing "one long, deep drawer at the top, across the entire width, and two half length drawers beneath, the remaining space being occupied by a small cupboard." On the top of this article of furniture is the young writer's "reference library." The long drawer contains manuscripts on which she is at work. In one of the smaller drawers are copies of manuscripts on the road—that is, "accepted,"

but not printed. The other drawer—and I should think that this would be the best-filled—holds one copy of each periodical for which she writes or hopes to write. The cupboard holds her stock of stationery.

* * *

TO THIS SIMPLE OUTFIT this writer is thinking of adding another "inexpensive convenience," in the shape of a kitchen cupboard, which she can buy for three dollars. This luxury is five feet high, contains four or five shelves, has hinged doors, with lock and key, and a good drawer beneath. "It is," she exclaims, with a cheerfulness that will be incomprehensible to many, "to all intents and purposes as good as a book-case, except that the doors are not glazed." This, with the cupboard, the articles already described, and a few chairs, completes the furniture of the room, which will have cost her less than ten dollars. The most inexpensive arrangement this young lady has is her pigeon-holes; for they cost her nothing. They are the tin boxes that once held cut plug-tobacco. "The lids are of brass, quite handsome and hinged," she tells us with glee, and she has six of them. Evidently some one in that family indulges in a pipe. These she has tied together and neatly labeled as follows: "1, Ideas"; "2, Immediate"; "3, Unanswered Letters"; "4, Bills and Receipts"; "5, Engagements"; "6, Things Needed." This last, I should think, would have to be larger than a pound tin box; but, after all, what more does one need than ink and paper? Anthony Trollope says that a little shoemaker's wax on the seat of the chair is all that is necessary for a full-fledged author. I have not a doubt that the young lady with this ten-dollar work-room is just as happy in her work as though she had as fine a library as that of Abbotsford or Knebworth.

* * *

"IN REGARD TO A desire expressed by your correspondents that you 'put your foot on' certain words and phrases, let me say," writes W. R. B., "that the French idiom 'il va sans dire' is not correctly represented in English by the words 'it goes without saying.' In these words there is no meaning whatever; nor can there be a meaning in any idiom transferred from one language to another, when it is expressed in the latter by a literal translation of each of its words. The French idiom referred to means simply 'it is understood,' or 'it is admitted without argument.' No person having a correct knowledge of English will write 'it goes without saying,' instead of 'it is understood.' But pedants will write it and will speak it, in spite of its nonsense. And as such persons are beyond correction, the phrase will continue to live on their lips and pens in spite of your foot. As to 'readable,' there is no authority for condemning it. It has a clear and natural meaning—fit or suitable to be read, worth reading. It stands in rank with many useful words carrying the suffix 'able' in a passive sense; such as 'lovable,' worthy of love; 'marketable,' fit to be sold in market; 'reliable,' worthy of reliance; 'blamable,' deserving of blame. If you stamp out such words, you will need to use two, three or four words to convey the meaning which either of them conveys."

* * *

"AFTER YOUR CORRESPONDENTS have finished 'suppressing abominations' which, if added to those assailed in other quarters, will include about all the idioms in the English language, I should like to have them tell us something to use in their places," writes F. M. of Hartford. "Here, for instance, is J. H. W., who says the phrase 'it goes without saying' is a 'Gallicism which crept into our literature about half a dozen years ago,' and 'was doubtless first used by some neophyte desirous of airing his schoolbook smattering of French.' As it was familiar thirty-five years ago in my immemorially New-England family which never knew any French, this is one of the reckless assumptions so often made by those who dislike something. The phrase is as likely to be indigenous to English and Spanish as to French. And what are we to say? 'That understands itself,' as in German; or 'it is too obvious to need argument that,' or 'courtesy forbids us to entertain any doubt that?' As to 'along [or 'on'] the lines of,' it is a military simile, and owes the assurance of a blessed immortality to its filling an urgent demand in speaking of work or study; it is accurate, compact and merely overworked for the present in the joy of having a new tool, as with most novelties. The implication of these critics is that everything new is needless and improper, and that everything unfamiliar is new. And why in the world is 'enjoyable' a worse word than 'detestable' or 'regrettable'? One often needs these carefully moderated words, 'likable,' 'readable,' 'enjoyable,' to express just the moderate ideas they convey: must we always talk in superlatives like schoolgirls, and call a man lovable and a book or play delightful when we mean nothing half so strong?"

* * *

THERE is no more popular or better-loved preacher in New York than the Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer, whose seventieth birthday was celebrated on Friday evening, Dec. 8, at the Church of the Messiah.



This whole-souled, simple-minded "old man eloquent" came from his native Yorkshire in 1850, but it is only fourteen years since he made his home in this city, as pastor of the church where he was honored last week. I reproduce his portrait from the *Tribune*.

"The Popular Science Monthly"

The editor of *The Popular Science Monthly* can stand by and view without anxiety the efforts of his fellow-editors to give a holiday tone to their magazines. His lines lie in scientific places, and high days or holidays, it is all the same to him; he is only interested in giving the latest discoveries in the world of science a hearing.

THE LATE SIR DANIEL WILSON

A fine engraving of the strong face of the late Sir Daniel Wilson, the frontispiece of the current number, accompanies a biographical sketch by Horatio Hale, who, in his opening paragraph, says:—

"The late President of Toronto University was distinguished not only for his educational work and his achievements in science, literature, and art, but also for the happy combination in his mind and character of qualities which are commonly deemed incongruous. An ardent votary of science, prepared to follow every investigation of Nature to the utmost limit of actual knowledge, and to welcome every accession to this knowledge, he was equally firm in maintaining his belief in the religion which explained to him those mysteries of the universe that lay beyond this limit. Strongly conservative of ancient landmarks in his quality of artist and antiquary, he was in education and in politics fearlessly liberal and progressive. Endowed with an energy of will and an intellectual power which inevitably brought him to the leadership of any enterprise or institution in which he took part, he was at the same time utterly devoid of personal ambition, and shrank from titular honors with the same earnestness with which some are wont to seek them. Generous almost to a fault and careless of the arts of money-making, his natural foresight and indefatigable industry preserved him from the pecuniary troubles by which scholars and writers are too often hampered, and secured for him throughout his life that good fortune for which poor Burns vainly sighed, 'the glorious privilege of being independent.'"

CRIMINAL WOMEN

Miss Helen Zimmern's paper on "Criminal Women" is worthy of careful reading, as is all that this scholarly woman writes:—

"Women born criminals are intelligent, and make up for their weakness and want of physical power to satisfy their natural depravity by having recourse to cunning in their fight against society. But as a whole the type of the woman born to be a criminal shows a great likeness to the type of men criminals, and in the rare case of complete criminality women surpass men in wickedness. Females who have become delinquents by accident—and the greater number of female criminals belong to this class—may be divided into two categories: the one represented by females born with only slight criminal tendencies, the other containing delinquents who differ very slightly from normal women, and who sometimes are nothing but ordinary women whose condition in life has been such as to develop that fund of immorality which is latent in every woman. Prof. Lombroso determines by indubitable data the much-debated question of the affinity between prostitution and

criminality, concluding that the psychological and anatomical identity between criminals and born prostitutes could not be more complete; both being morally insane, by a mathematical axiom they become equal. In drawing his conclusions on women who have become prostitutes through circumstances, Lombroso says that mentally these are more abnormal than women who have become criminals by choice, because according to the theory of his school, prostitution and not criminality is the true degeneration of woman, innate female criminals being rare and monstrous exceptions."

PROF. HUXLEY NEITHER OPTIMISTIC NOR PESSIMISTIC

In an article on "Evolution and Ethics," Prof. Huxley says:—"Modern thought is making a fresh start from the base whence Indian and Greek philosophy set out; and, the human mind being very much what it was six and twenty centuries ago, there is no ground for wonder if it presents indications of a tendency to move along the old lines to the same results. We are more than sufficiently familiar with modern pessimism, at least as a speculation; for I can not call to mind that any of its present votaries have sealed their faith by assuming the rags and the bowl of the mendicant Bhikku, or the cloak and the wallet of the Cynic. The obstacles placed in the way of sturdy vagrancy by an unphilosophical police have, perhaps, proved too formidable for philosophical consistency. We also know modern speculative optimism, with its perfectibility of the species, reign of peace, and lion and lamb transformation scenes; but one does not hear so much of it as one did forty years ago; indeed, I imagine it is to be met with more commonly at the tables of the healthy and wealthy than in the congregations of the wise. The majority of us, I apprehend, profess neither pessimism nor optimism. We hold that the world is neither so good nor so bad as it conceivably might be, and as most of us have reason, now and again, to discover that it can be. Those who have failed to experience the joys that make life worth living are, probably, in as small a minority as those who have never known the griefs that rob existence of its savor and turn its richest fruits into mere dust and ashes.

"Further, I think I do not err in assuming that, however diverse their views on philosophical and religious matters, most men are agreed that the proportion of good and evil in life may be very sensibly affected by human action. I never heard anybody doubt that the evil may be thus increased or diminished, and it would seem to follow that good must be similarly susceptible of addition or subtraction. Finally, to my knowledge, nobody professes to doubt that, so far forth as we possess a power of bettering things, it is our paramount duty to use it and to train all our intellect and energy to this supreme service of our kind."

"The Story of Bob" is a comic, scientific account of an unusual monkey, by President Jordan of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University. The story is illustrated, and there are other illustrated stories—"The Modern War Vessels of the United States Navy," by W. A. Dobson, and "The Fruit Industry of California," by C. H. Shinn. "Ethics and the Struggle for Existence" is an able discussion, apropos of Prof. Huxley's lecture on "Evolution and Ethics."

London Letter

I WAS FORTUNATE enough to be present on Tuesday last at the unveiling of the Lowell Memorial in Westminster Abbey, and a very interesting and impressive ceremony it was. The stained-glass window which commemorates England's affection for Lowell has been placed on the stairs leading to the Chapter House: a marble medallion beneath bears a front-face portrait with the inscription on either side. The site chosen is especially fortunate, for looking toward the memorial are the rich windows erected in memory of Dean Stanley, a tribute to which Lowell gave the assistance of his voice and hand. The stairs are dark, but there is sufficient light to show the memorial to advantage; and the whole is a very dignified and worthy piece of work.

There must have been nearly five hundred people present on Tuesday, and among them were notable representatives of almost every branch of art, literature, politics and thought. The chair was taken by the Dean of Westminster; on his right sat the American Ambassador (Mr. Bayard); on the left, Mr. Leslie Stephen. Besides these gentlemen there were present upon the platform Lord Knutsford, Lord Playfair, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Mr. Walter Besant, Mr. Edmund Gosse and Mr. Augustine Birrell. It was originally intended that the address should be delivered by Mr. Arthur Balfour, but he, owing to an attack of influenza, was unable to be present, and his place was taken at the last moment by Mr. Leslie Stephen, who, as Chairman of the Committee, had had the larger share in making all the arrangements.

The proceedings were opened by an address from the Dean, who

gave an historical sketch of the Chapter House and of its association with the name of Lowell. To him followed Mr. Leslie Stephen, with what was, of course, the speech of the day. Mr. Stephen spoke with much emotion, and at first with some slight hesitation. At the outset he alluded in terms of affection to his friendship for Lowell, and to the difficulty which he felt in his endeavor to say just the thing that Lowell, could he hear, would have him say. But as he advanced, he gained in ease, and his speech was a really eloquent tribute to a great memory. Several of his passages were especially fortunate. Speaking of Lowell's intimate sympathy with the authors of whom he wrote, he said, with peculiar grace, that he always spoke of the Elizabethan dramatists as though he had just parted from Shakespeare at the door of the Globe Theatre and was expecting to meet him again at supper at the Mermaid Tavern. "The criticism of the lover," he called it—such as had not stirred among us since the congenial spirit of Charles Lamb passed away. No less happy was Mr. Stephen's estimate of Lowell's politics. He was a conservative, he said, with an unlimited faith in progress. He believed that the Old World, with all its troubles and impostures and trials, would somehow, if he might use a characteristic phrase of his, "worry through" to better days; and when that great day of regeneration came, he, as a good American, believed that America would be in the van of progress, because he thought that the stern morality of his forefathers permeated the American blood, and that their sympathies had been enlarged.

The American Ambassador, who followed, spoke with considerable force and dignity. I think that my American readers may like to have his words in full. He said he felt happy to have been permitted to be in the Chapter House of Westminster, and in an assembly so distinguished and impressive, when, for the second time, the name of an American was inscribed in that "double sanctuary of Religion and Renown"—the bust of Longfellow, and now the windows and tablet to his brother poet, both from "kindred beyond the sea." The forms of these two gifted sons of America had been clasped to the bosom of the land that gave them birth, and their ashes rested in peace at home; but the echoes of their just fame were wafted to and fro across the Atlantic, falling in clear and musical notes upon loving ears in the two countries whose people spoke the same mother-tongue. Longfellow and Lowell—here in Westminster their names were blended in goodly fellowship—worthy companions of that band, sung by Wordsworth, "Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares." It was a fine, strong saying that "blood is thicker than water," and every day proved how the ties of a common origin and ancestry were stronger than written treaties, and inborn sympathies of race, in the end, could silence international discords and jealousies. He was glad indeed that that mark of honor to his dear countryman had been erected so soon after his death. For here a brotherhood of letters—kindred spirits—had hastened, with graceful and loving appreciation, to give to "buried merit" its just memorial. He could not forbear the wish—however futile—that Lowell could have been permitted to foresee the erection of these marks of honor to his name. It was his great and honorable purpose to bring the peoples of Great Britain and the United States into a better comprehension of each other—to replace suspicion by confidence, and ignorant animosity by friendly appreciation. He liked to call himself "a man-of-letters," and truly he was a master of the English tongue, and made his skill and knowledge an agency to interpret the better feelings of both branches of the race who share its glories in common. In American homes—throughout the broad land over which the ensign of their country floated—a sense of grateful pride would be felt when they learnt that the name and fame of their fellow-countryman—the poet, scholar, statesman and patriot—had received at the hands of Britons that high tribute of respect in their most venerable temple of national religion, honor and renown. "Give my love to England in general," was a late message of Mr. Lowell in a letter to his friend, Judge Thomas Hughes; and in these memorial windows and tablet might they not read the reply of "England in general" to James Russell Lowell and the nation he faithfully represented at the Court of St. James's?

When he had concluded, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, in a few admirably lucid and fluent sentences, expressed the gratitude which all his hearers felt to the Ambassador for his presence among them and for his generous words; and then, after Mr. Bayard had spoken briefly in acknowledgment, the assembly dispersed. And as one passed out into the grey November morning and the quiet dimness of Dean's Yard, one carried with one a sense of peace and an appreciation of the dignified repose of the great, such as a more tumultuous occasion could never conjure up. In calmness and power and kindness the offering was worthy of the occasion.

I have before now ventured to point out, what is by this time an unfortunate fact, that Mr. Leslie Stephen is more and more becoming one of the most prominent literary figures of London. An accident brought him to the front on Tuesday—which, by the way,

was his sixty-first birthday. But the fulness and appropriateness of his oration, which must have been very quickly prepared, as Mr. Balfour's illness was only of a day or two's standing, gave additional proof of Mr. Stephen's marked gift for conducting this species of ceremonial.

LONDON, 1 Dec., 1893.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Boston Letter

AS SOON AS the Massachusetts Legislature can take the necessary action, the "Harvard Annex" will be no more. Or, to speak closer by the card, "The Society for the Collegiate Instruction of Women" will have ceased to exist, and Radcliffe College have taken its place. This decision was reached last week by the authorities of both institutions. The result will not be co-education in the full sense of the word. The girls continue their work in their own buildings, pursuing their regular courses under their own instructors and receiving diplomas from Radcliffe College. These diplomas, however, will bear the seal of Harvard and the signature of Harvard's President. The Visitors of Radcliffe College will be the President and Fellows of Harvard, and instruction will be given only by those whom the Visitors approve. For the past fourteen years the "Annex," as it is popularly called, has run its independent course, although its teachers have been Harvard professors and its courses similar to those in the University; it has never had authority to confer degrees, and has simply given certificates instead. Now the diplomas of Radcliffe College will have a value of their own.

It is interesting to know how the new college obtained its name. Many wondered why it was not called Agassiz College after the President of the Corporation, Mrs. Elizabeth Agassiz, and some even suggested that it should be Longfellow College. But, as is well known, whenever a college is named after a living family, people are very apt to suppose that that family will look after all its needs, and its growth is therefore hampered by the lack of benefactors. When it came to choosing a new name for the "Annex," the proper thing seemed to be the conferring of the honor upon the first woman who ever made a gift to Harvard College. This decision was easily settled, but it was quite another thing to ascertain the facts regarding that first woman. It was found that in 1643—just 250 years ago, be it noted—a gift of one hundred pounds had been made to Harvard by Lady Anne Moulson of England, that sum having been sent to Thomas Weld, pastor of a Roxbury church, to remain as a perpetual stipend for and toward the perpetual maintenance of some poor scholar at the institution. Having found out this fact, Mr. Andrew McFarland Davis, who recently received the honorary degree of Master of Arts, on account of his gratuitous genealogical researches in behalf of the College, and Mr. Henry F. Waters dug deeper into the archives of the past, and discovered that Sir Thomas Moulson, knight and alderman of London, died in 1638, leaving a part of his estate to Dame Anne, "his loving wife." Then in the widow's will, approved in 1661, was found a bequest "to my nephew Mr. Anthony Radcliffe of Buckinghamshire, eldest son of my brother, Mr. Edward Radcliffe, deceased." This shows that Lady Moulson's maiden name was Radcliffe, and thus was decided the name for the new institution.

I wonder if you have heard in New York of the new publishing-house formed in Boston. Very few people know about it here, and yet its work, as planned out, is to be most elaborate. As I am told, the house has sprung from the literary enthusiasm of two young men, Messrs. Copeland and Day. Mr. Copeland is a Harvard graduate and Mr. Day a very wealthy young resident of Dedham, a suburb of Boston. He has travelled a great deal, and his house is filled with rich curios and valuable literary treasures. It is his ambition to publish, whether at a profit or not, some of the most costly books that can be printed and bound, and to that end he has started out with an English translation, by Oscar Wilde, of "Salome," the drama which the apostle of æstheticism wrote, himself, in French, and the presentation of which in England, by a French company with Sarah Bernhardt as star, was forbidden through the efforts of the stage censor. The book is to be illustrated by Beardsley, and is said to have many quaint—even fantastic—ideas in its pictures. I have been told, among other things, that one of the illustrations will represent Oscar Wilde with a fool's-cap on his head, gazing up from a corner at Madame Bernhardt. Another book to be published by the same house is a poem by Richard Hovey, the Washington poet, who has recently visited Boston, this poem being bound with another by Bliss Carman, the volume to bear the title of "Vagabondia."

Protab Chunder Mozoomdar bade farewell to Boston last week at a notable meeting. He was invited to make his final address by Dr. Hale, Dr. Holmes, John Lowell, Dr. George E. Ellis, Prof. John Fiske, Gen. Francis A. Walker, the Rev. Cyrus A. Bartol and other prominent gentlemen. The list of names shows at once the strong hold obtained by this visitor upon the social life of Bos-

ton. The Rev. John Cuckson presided at the meeting in the Arlington St. Church, and read the following note from Oliver Wendell Holmes, who had been requested to introduce the speaker:—"I would make excuses for declining, as I must, the honor of introducing Mr. Mozoomdar, were it not that one who has reached the middle of his ninth decade has passed the time for apologies." Mr. Mozoomdar's last address was devoted to an eloquent plea for universal religion.

To Francis Parkman another tribute was paid last week when Pres. Eliot, Justin Winsor and John Fiske spoke in his honor at Sanders Theatre, Harvard College. Pres. Eliot explained in his speech how fitting it was that commemorative exercises should be held in Cambridge, that very region where the historian had obtained his first love of nature. He spoke, too, of Parkman's love of Harvard College, where for 13 years he had been a Fellow, and alluded to the fact that Parkman became Harvard's first Professor of Horticulture. "How remarkable is his work," said Pres. Eliot, "when we consider that he had only a few moments each day that he could devote to study. We draw from his life the same lesson as from that of Darwin. Not more than 20 minutes at a time could Darwin devote himself to his work, and rarely more than twice each day; yet see the store of knowledge he has opened up to us. With Parkman it was the same. Rarely could he study over half an hour at a time, yet he left us a great monument."

Mr. Winsor declared that Parkman was too genuine a historian to imitate, and that, although he began his studies at the time when the influence of the new school of historical writers, Sparks, Bancroft, Prescott and Motley, was beginning to make itself felt, he retained his independence, and that, while showing their influence by the adoption of some of their methods, he escaped adopting their mistakes. The Old South Historical Society at its last meeting also discussed the life and work of Francis Parkman, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Mr. Edwin D. Mead and the Rev. Julius H. Ward talking most interestingly about Parkman's qualities as a writer and as a man.

Miss Kate Sanborn's "Abandoned Farm" is really to be abandoned by its owner and historian. She has bought the big estate adjoining her present home, an estate filled with oaks and maples and picturesque brooks, and will shortly move into its old mansion.

BOSTON, 12 Dec., 1893.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

Chicago Letter

THE ART Institute of this city officially opened the doors of its new building last Friday evening, when a reception was given to members. The Thomas orchestra furnished a fine musical program, and more than twenty-four hundred persons assembled to enjoy this union of the arts. The building, which is situated on the Lake Front at the foot of Adams Street, was finished last May, and has been used during the summer, in accordance with a previous arrangement, for the various congresses. The two temporary halls erected in the central court for the accommodation of these assemblies have now been demolished, and the collections belonging to the museum, which are surprisingly numerous and large, have been arranged in the other rooms. The building, which unfortunately is not in the least impressive from without, is commodious and well-planned within; and the collections, except in the case of modern sculpture, for the first time have space enough to be displayed effectively. Important additions have been made to them since they left the old museum, where they had gradually become much overcrowded. The collection of casts of ancient and modern sculpture, which in this country is second only to that of the Boston Museum, has also been much augmented. The greater part of it was given to the Institute in memory of Elbridge G. Hall, and the generous donor has increased it by a number of casts of modern French sculpture. These include Dubois's four superb figures for the tomb of Lamoricière, Rodin's determined, inflexible "Burgess of Calais," and works by Fremiet, Mercié, Saint-Marceaux, Barrias and Cain. The Institute also secured the Trocadero collection of Sculpture and Architecture, which was shown at the Fair, half of its expense having been borne by the French Government, a quarter by the Columbian Exposition, and the remainder by the museum itself. It is invaluable educationally and aesthetically.

Another recent gift, which will mean much to the museum and to the public, is the Mrs. D. K. Pearsons collection of Braun photographs. There will be about 18,000 of them, and to students of art, no record of the achievements of the great masters could be more interesting and instructive. Some of them have been hung on the walls, but the greater number are arranged alphabetically on convenient, sliding shelves in the library. A gift from Mr. H. N. Higginbotham, President of the Board of Directors of the Fair, is also now first displayed. It consists of accurate reproductions of bronzes found at Herculaneum and Pompeii, now in the museum

at Naples. In addition to these, the Art Institute owns the Ryerson-Hutchinson collection of metal work; some beautiful textiles and embroideries, presented by the Chicago Society of Decorative Art; a complete set of the Arundel publications; an interesting collection of Greek and Egyptian antiquities, given by P. D. Armour, Martin A. Ryerson, William T. Baker and others; and a number of drawings, presented by the Century Company.

The Institute may well pride itself upon its paintings. The small but admirable collection of works by old Dutch masters, which was secured by Charles L. Hutchinson, Martin A. Ryerson and others, from the Demidoff collection, would alone give this department importance. It contains a beautiful Rembrandt, formerly known as "The Child of the State," a superb Hobbema, an admirable, characteristic van Ostade, and fine examples of Teniers, Ruysdael, Jan Steen, Rubens, Hals, van Dyck, Terburg and others. From these examples of their works alone, one can gain a reasonably accurate idea of the qualities and limitations of these masters. At present the value of the collection is increased by the addition of several loaned paintings by these men or their contemporaries. The most interesting of these are Rembrandt's beautiful "Saul and David," belonging to Durand-Ruel; and Mr. Hutchinson's Franz Hals—a delightful portrait of a jovial gentleman, whose beneficent mission it is to make every observer from generation to generation join sympathetically in his laughter. Mr. Gunther, too, has loaned the portrait of Columbus by Antonio Moro, which hung during the summer in the convent of La Rabida at the Fair.

Much modern work also is hung, Mr. Munger's interesting collection, which contains that marvellous, imaginative idyl by Michetti called "Springtime and Love," occupying two rooms. A number of valuable modern paintings, chiefly French, have been loaned by Martin A. Ryerson, S. A. Kent, C. J. Singer and C. L. Hutchinson. Among the latter's contributions is Rossetti's "Beata Beatrix," whose strange, haunting beauty overshadows everything else on the wall of the room in which it hangs. The paintings belonging to the museum include Dannat's "Sacristsy in Aragon," Alexander Harrison's "Les Amateurs," George Hitchcock's "Holland Flower Girl," Melchers's "The Pilots," and Walter Shirlaw's portrait of himself. Mr. Ernest A. Hamill has just given to the museum William M. Chase's "Alice," which is well-known in New York. It was hung in the main American room at the Fair, where the cleverness of its action and execution attracted much attention. The most important modern collection in the possession of the Institute, however, is not yet displayed, as a room will be specially prepared for it. It will be known as the Henry Field Memorial Room and will contain the fine collection of French pictures, chiefly by the men of 1830, which was gathered together by Mr. Henry Field, and presented to the Institute last summer by Mrs. Thomas Nelson Page.

It will be seen, even from this brief summary, how remarkable has been the progress of the museum since its organization in 1879, when it seemed to have nothing but hope and enthusiasm to help it. These qualities have been efficacious enough, however, to make the museum one of the most interesting in the country. Mr. Hutchinson is President, Mr. James H. Dole, Vice-President, and Mr. W. M. R. French, Director; and the zeal of these men and others among the Trustees has been untiring. The President, especially, has sacrificed his private interests in innumerable ways for this public good. The number of free days was increased this winter, so that on Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sundays the public is admitted without charge.

Two readings were to have been given last week by James Whitcomb Riley in conjunction with Elwyn A. Barron, Opie Read and Douglass Sherley. At the close of the first reading, however, Mr. Riley received news of the illness of his father, which has since resulted in death. On the second evening his place was inadequately filled by Col. Visscher. The rest of the program was most interesting; Mr. Barron read a fine scene from "The Viking" and a charming dialect story called "Mammy," and Mr. Read resurrected our childhood favorite, the honorable bandit, and made him almost as fascinating as of old.

Thurber is now exhibiting the charming water-color drawings made by Albert Lynch to illustrate Th. Bentzon's "Jacqueline." A collection of portraits of Napoleon, most of them engraved or etched, was recently displayed in the same gallery. I cite this fact in corroboration of *The Critic's* recent comment upon the popularity of Napoleon with collectors. This city, too, contains several such enthusiasts, who enjoyed Thurber's large and varied collection of portraits, and enriched their libraries with some of them.

CHICAGO, 12 Dec., 1893.

LUCY MONROE.

MR. John E. Potter, for more than forty years the senior member of the Philadelphia publishing-house of John E. Potter & Co., who died in that city on Dec. 11, was of New England ancestry, the founder of the family having settled in Rhode Island in 1634.

The Fine Arts

J. Q. A. Ward's "Roscoe Conkling"

THE BRONZE statue of the late Roscoe Conkling, which has been set up at the south-east corner of Madison Square, represents him in the act of speaking, in an attitude no doubt characteristic, though not altogether happy. But the modelling, especially of the head and shoulders, is what was to be expected of the artist, Mr. J. Q. A. Ward. The pedestal is a plain one of granite, with the orator's name in bronze letters. Mr. Ward has not quite succeeded in his contest with the modern tailor, whose aim it is to disguise what it must be the sculptor's aim to bring out—the lines of the human figure. The frock coat and trousers are no more expressive than frock-coats and trousers usually are; and in the present condition of the bronze, their faults are—in a literal sense—glaringly manifest. Improvement will come with time; yet we fear we shall never be able to like the figure.

Art Notes

THERE are few books on the catalogues of professed book-lovers more worthy of their place than Walton and Cotton's "Complete Angler," and there are few that have passed through a greater number of editions. Many of these have been on exhibition at the Grolier Club during the week, and with them were shown old copper-plates and later steel-plate engravings of Devonshire scenery, portraits of the authors and other worthies, and rare books on fishing, such as Dame Juliana Berner's "Treatise of Fishing with an Angle." Mr. Boughton's painting of Isaak Walton's meeting with the milk-maids hangs in a prominent place upon the wall.

—Four series of free public art lectures will be given in the museum at Harvard University. Mr. James A. Garland of New York will pay the expenses, and the lecturers will be E. H. Blashfield and F. Hopkinson Smith, artists, Thomas Hastings, architect, and Prof. John C. Van Dyke, art-critic.

—A collection of about two score water colors, by Mr. Frank M. Boggs, has been placed on exhibition in the smaller gallery at Knoedler's. All are of shipping, and most are views in the harbor of Havre. They are broadly but conscientiously studied. Among the best are "Sunset over the Sea" and "Sunset—The Transatlantic Line Dock."

—A private view of oil-paintings was given at the Union League Club on Thursday afternoon.

—Prof. William R. Ware, of Columbia College, has been called to Milwaukee to pass upon the seventy-two plans submitted for the new library and museum building of that city. Prof. Ware will select the five or six drawings from which the final choice is to be made.

—Friday of this week was chosen as the day for the private view of the ninth annual exhibition of the Architectural League; the show will remain open Dec. 18-Jan. 9. It derives added interest this year from the fact that the first exhibition of the Sculpture Society occurs simultaneously in the same galleries—the Fine Arts Building in Fifty-seventh Street.

—Mary Hughitt Halliday of Cairo, Ill., has been elected President of the Woman's Art Club of Sculptors and Painters in Paris. She has been thrice honored by the art authorities there—twice by special mention and once with a bronze medal. Miss Halliday has been in Paris only a year; she is a graduate of Vassar.

Notes

THE pathetic circumstances surrounding the death of Prof. John Tyndall at Haslemere, his Surrey home, on Dec. 4, awaken the deepest sympathy with his widow. For three years the great scientist had fought sickness, and had in the course of that time been forced to find relief from insomnia in chloral. On the morning of his death, Mrs. Tyndall, intending to give him a dose of sulphate of magnesia, made a mistake in the bottles, and in its stead administered two tablespoonfuls of the chloral to him. The difference in taste led to the almost immediate discovery of the accident, but, notwithstanding the prompt attendance of a physician, Prof. Tyndall died that night. It is said that when his wife found out her mistake, the Professor exclaimed: "My poor darling, you have killed your husband!" The funeral took place at Haslemere on Dec. 9, the services being attended by Lord and Lady Toller-mache, Lady Claude Hamilton, Sir John Lubbock, Prof. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Huxley, Alexander Siemens, and other people of prominence. Lord and Lady Tennyson and many others sent flowers and wreaths. (See leading article in to-day's *Critic*.)

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have brought out Longfellow's "Evangeline" in the Portland Edition, which contains already "Hyperion," "Outre-Mer" and "Kavanagh." Mr. F. O. C. Darley has drawn

eight illustrations for this edition, which is further embellished by artistic head and tail pieces. The binding of this edition is white and green, and the poem has also been issued in the Salem Edition, bound in white and red.

—The MSS. of some of William Watson's poems have already got into the autograph-dealers' hands, and a batch of them, with different readings from those that have been published, is offered for sale. Some have not been published at all—"The Triple Lordship," "The Raven's Shadow" and "Warm Weather in Winter."

—The manuscript of Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads" was sold in London recently for 200*l*.

—*Book Chat*, published by Brentano's, which has just completed its eighth volume, is to be merged with *The Literary News*, from the first of the new year. *Book Chat* was not a periodical of wide circulation, but it was one that represented a large amount of good and conscientious work.

—D. Appleton & Co., are issuing a story of incident and adventure, "The Recipe for Diamonds," by C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne.

—"The Diary of Samuel Pepys" was inadvertently credited, in last week's *Critic*, to Charles Scribner's Sons, instead of to Macmillan & Co., who not only publish the book, but put it into type in this country, so that this final edition of the famous Diary should be a copyright work.

—Canon Farrar will erect in St. Margaret's Church, of which he is rector, a memorial to the late Phillips Brooks, in whose Boston church he preached some time ago. He has written to the London *Times* that he needs only 30*l*. in addition to what he has already collected for the memorial.

—Mr. A. B. Frost will illustrate Mr. Stockton's "Pomona's Travels," which will be published simultaneously in *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Pall Mall Magazine*.

—John Morley has just been made a Bencher of the Honorable Society of Lincoln's Inn, London, in recognition of his literary and political distinction. He was called to the Bar several years ago, and read law in the chambers of Frederic Harrison, but never made any serious attempt to practise.

—Ninety illustrations, selected with taste and arranged with careful judgment, accompany the reviews of the books from which they are chosen in the Christmas *Book Buyer*, giving an unusually festive air to the magazine and incidentally illustrating the richness of the literary and artistic output of the season.

—Maurice Maeterlinck has written an introduction to the works of the Flemish writer Ruysbroek, which will soon be published in England and perhaps in America.

—Lord Tennyson, who is at Farringford, engaged upon the memoir of his father, wishes to borrow all letters of the late Laureate which are not mere formal notes written in the third person. As soon as he has copied them, he will return them to the lenders.

—Mrs. Ignatius R. Grossman, the daughter of Edwin Booth, is writing reminiscences of her father, and anyone who has letters from the dead actor is requested to send them to her at 12 West 18th Street, New York, with the understanding that they will be returned as soon as copies have been made.

—The reviewer of the "Life and Art of Edwin Booth" in last week's *Critic* wrote that Mr. Winter's description of certain parts in which Mr. Booth excelled was "rarely eloquent and interesting." The types made him say that it was "scarcely eloquent or interesting." If we were in the reviewer's place, we should be more provoked than he appears to be.

—Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, it is said, will soon lay aside his humorous pen, which has brought him so much fame and money, and turn his attention to serious work.

—The Century Co. has placed on exhibition at its offices in Union Square the exhibit that attracted so much attention at the World's Fair this summer. It illustrates the process of publishing, gives a historical retrospect of the bookmaker's art, and is particularly interesting on account of the MSS. of famous authors, the original drawings for illustrations in the Company's publications, and the historical exhibit, which contains letters of Grant and Lincoln, the latter's first Inaugural Address and first war order, letters from Jefferson Davis, and other relics of the Civil War.

—Under the auspices of 150 patronesses and 44 patrons, the members of the Columbia College Dramatic Club, or "Strollers," will give a series of performances at the Broadway Theatre, from Dec. 18 to 23 inclusive. The play to be presented is "Ivanhoe Up to Date," and the proceeds are to be given to the St. John's Guild.

—Estes & Lauriat bring out a holiday edition of La Fontaine's fables, in Elizur Wright's translation, the only complete as well as one of the best of the many renderings of the Frenchman's

work into English. It is in two volumes, contains thirteen etchings by Le Rat, from designs by E. Adam, and is bound in half silk and vellum.

—It is announced in London this week that a new book is about to be published, which will prove conclusively that the Junius Letters were written by Sir Phillip Francis.

—As soon as the right of suffrage was given to the women of Colorado by the popular vote of Nov. 7, the sixty-eight leagues of the Equal Suffrage Association were turned into leagues for political study. The book selected by the Executive Committee of the Association is John Fiske's "Civil Government."

—During the nine months ending Sept. 30, 1893, the imports of foreign books into this country amounted to \$3,161,411, of which \$1,556,455 were free of duty, and \$1,604,956 dutiable. This shows an increase over the same period last year of \$158,252 in untaxed publications, and of \$152,838 in dutiable ones, although there is a decrease of \$262,697 in the imports of publications paying duty when compared with the average amount during the last five years, which is \$1,867,653. During the same time the exports amounted to \$1,639,622, an increase of \$382,149 over 1892, and of \$343,219 over the average exportations of the last five years. This increase is due, of course, to the operation of the new copyright law, which has led to the printing of English books, for English as well as for American "consumption," on this side of the water.

—We learn from *The Speaker* that Mr. J. M. Barrie is not hurrying over the completion of his new novel, and that it will probably be near the end of next year before its serial publication begins. The same authority states that Dr. Conan Doyle has another historical novel far advanced; also, that he leaves England in a few days for the Engadine, where he proposes to spend the winter, on account of the delicate health of a member of his family.

—It is encouraging, and undoubtedly pleasing to Mr. F. H. Sargent, that the pupils of his American Academy of the Dramatic Arts obtained their greatest success in the most difficult branch of the profession—pantomime—on the night of Dec. 8, when the first of a series of four subscription performances was given at the Berkeley Lyceum. The acting in the two comedies preceding the pantomime cannot be so heartily recommended, but the quality of the plays may have had something to do with this.

—The negotiations for the consolidation of the University of the City of New York with Columbia College have been broken off, it having become evident that "there exists an utter want of a mutual desire to unite." It was proposed that the University of the City of New York should cede her rights to give degrees to Columbia College, and become merely a teaching body, and that, in return, Columbia should obtain a release of the conditions requiring the President to be an Episcopalian, and should change her name to that of the University of New York, both of which conditions were found to be impracticable. As matters stand at present, it is probable that the two institutions will continue to exist side by side, in a state of friendly and healthy rivalry.

—The *Boston Herald* says that the accuracy of the list of the most popular works of fiction, judged by public library statistics, which is published in the December *Forum*, is not borne out by the records of the Boston Public Library. The list there is headed by a work which is not mentioned among the first twelve of *The Forum's* books. The majority of Boston readers who repair to the library for works of fiction give their preference emphatically to "The Count of Monte Cristo." After fourteen years observation of the popular taste, Miss Jenkins, librarian of the lower hall, says there is no work more steadily read by people of all classes and ages than this masterpiece of Dumas. Although the library owns fourteen copies of the book, not a day goes by without the necessity of refusing many applications for it.

—Maurus Jókai, the Hungarian novelist, dramatist, poet and statesman, recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of his first novel. Beginning with a drama when he was seventeen, Jókai has published during the past fifty-three years more than 200 volumes of fiction, poetry and dramas, edited a daily newspaper and a humorous weekly, studied law at the University of Pressburg, and taken a prominent part, since 1848, in the turmoil of Austro-Hungarian politics. Notwithstanding his advancing age, his literary activity appears to be undiminished; and Hungarians and Germans still look for at least one volume from his pen each year.

—The report for 1891-92 of Mr. Melvil Dewey, Secretary of the University of the State of New York, shows that during the year the schools above academic grade increased from 71 to 81, the students from 14,624 to 22,062; and first degrees conferred on examination from 2064 to 2305. The property of these colleges and professional and technical schools has increased in three years from \$31,048,696.76 to \$52,886,761.17. In four years the revenues of these institutions have increased from \$2,194,999.52 to \$5,938,785.21.

Turning to the academies, high schools and academic departments, even this splendid showing of the higher institutions is seen to be excelled.

—The death of the Baroness Tautphoeus, on Nov. 12, at Munich, removed from the scene of many of her stories the author of two or three of the most popular novels of our time. She was the daughter of James Montgomery of Salthill, Ireland, and a niece of Sir Henry Montgomery; her husband was an official at the Bavarian Court. Her sketches of life in South Germany, though old-fashioned, are highly interesting, especially "The Initials" (1850), "Cyrilla" (1853), "Quits" (1857) and "At Odds" (1863). Her power in depicting women's characters was great, and was best shown, perhaps, in Hildegarde, in "The Initials." In "Quits," she did much to draw the attention of the English public to the Passion-Play at Oberammergau, and to awaken English minds to the beauty and devoutness of the decennial performance of that play.

—Mr. Henry Irving will be the guest of the Lotos Club at a supper to be given in the club-house, this (Saturday) evening. Mr. Terriss and other members of his company will be with him. Among those invited to meet Mr. Irving are Parke Godwin, William Winter, Alexander Salvini, Henry Abbey, Andrew Carnegie, Edouard and Jean De Reszke, Augustus Thomas, Abram S. Hewitt, Gen. Horace Porter, E. L. Willard and Isaac H. Bromley. This is the first supper given by the Lotos Club for several years.

Publications Received

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|---|-------------------------------------|
| Adler, L. Sabbath Hours. | Jewish Pub. Soc'y of America. |
| Beard, W. H. Action in Art. \$2. | Cassell Pub. Co. |
| Black, W. Strange Adventures of a House-Boat. | Harper & Bros. |
| Bowering, L. B. Haidar Ali and Tipu Sultan. 60c. | Macmillan & Co. |
| Bradford, A. H. Sistine Madonna: A Christmas Meditation. 35c. | Fords, Howard & Hulbert. |
| Burney, F. Cecilia. 3 vols. \$3. | Macmillan & Co. |
| Century Magazine. May-Oct. '93. Vol. XLVI. \$3. | Century Co. |
| Church, A. J. Greek Life and Story. \$1.25. | G. P. Putnam's Sons. |
| Clement, C. E. Queen of the Adriatic. \$3. | Estes & Lauriat. |
| Concone's Fifteen Vocalises. Ed. by A. Randegger. 12. 6d. | Novello, Ewer & Co. |
| Curtis, G. W. Orations and Addresses of. Vol. I. Ed. by C. E. Norton. | Harper & Bros. |
| Cuthell, E. E. Only a Guardroom Dog. \$1.25. | Cassell Pub. Co. |
| Davis, K. H. Rulers of the Mediterranean. | Harper & Bros. |
| Fenolosa, E. F. East and West, and Other Poems. | T. Y. Crowell & Co. |
| Field, H. M. The Barbary Coast. \$2. | Chas. Scribner's Sons. |
| Filios, A. Garrison's Pupil. Tr. by J. V. Prichard. \$1. | A. C. McClurg & Co. |
| Ford, J. L. The Third Alarm. \$1.50. | Brentano's. |
| Garbe, R. Redemption of the Brahman. \$1. | Open Court Pub. Co. |
| Goethe's Dichtung und Wahrheit. Ed. by C. A. Buchheim. \$1.05. | D. C. Heath & Co. |
| Gore, J. H. Congressional Manual of Parliamentary Practice. 50c. | C. W. Barden. |
| Green, J. R. Short History of the English People. Vol. III. | Harper & Bros. |
| Greer, D. H. From Things to God. | T. Whitaker. |
| Henschel, G. Te Deum Laudamus (in C). 12. 6d. | Novello, Ewer & Co. |
| Hilden, M. E. A String of Amber Beads. 50c. | C. H. Kerr & Co. |
| Hood, T. Humorous Poems of. \$2. | Macmillan & Co. |
| Hort, F. J. A. The Way, The Truth, The Life. \$1.75. | Porter & Co. |
| Hughes, T. Tom Brown's School Days. | D. Appleton & Co. |
| Hyne, C. J. C. Recipe for Diamonds. | Lovell, Coryell & Co. |
| Irring, H. The Drama. | F. H. Revell Co. |
| Johnston, J. Reality versus Romance in South Central Africa. \$1. | Lee & Shepard. |
| Keith, A. Y. A Spinster's Leaflets. \$1.25. | C. C. Clurg & Co. |
| Lattimer, E. W. Russia and Turkey in the Nineteenth Century. \$1.50. | Silver, Burdett & Ginn. |
| Lorimer, G. C. Baptists in History. | Macmillan & Co. |
| Miller, J. Building of the City Beautiful. | Stone & Kimball. |
| Milford, M. R. Our Village. \$1. | Macmillan & Co. |
| Narcissus. A Twelfth Night Merriment. Ed. by M. L. Lee. London: David Nutt. | Portland, Me.: T. B. Mosher. |
| Old World Lyrics. \$1. | Macmillan & Co. |
| Oman, C. Europe. Period I, 475-912. \$1.75. | Cassell Pub. Co. |
| Pain, B. "Two." \$1.25. | Fr. Scott, Kans.: M. L. Isor & Son. |
| Paine, A. B., & White, W. A. Rhymes by Two Friends. | Little, Brown & Co. |
| Parkman, F. The Ogon Trail. | Ginn & Co. |
| Phelps, W. L. English Romantic Movement. \$1.50. | New York: E. L. Wilson. |
| Photographic Mosaics. Ed. by E. L. Wilson. 50c. | Longmans, Green & Co. |
| Platt, J. J. Little New-World Idylls. \$1.25. | Washington: Gov't. Print. Office. |
| Pilling, J. C. Bibliography of the Salsahan Languages. | Biltmore, N. C. |
| Pinchot, G. Biltmore Forest. | Harper & Bros. |
| Platt, C. A. Italian Gardens. | G. P. Putnam's Sons. |
| Putnam, G. H. Authors and their Public in Ancient Times. \$1.50. | Laird & Lo. |
| Read, O. A Tennessee Judge. | Estes & Lauriat. |
| Richards, L. E. Glimpses of the French Court. \$1.50. | Cassell Pub. Co. |
| Rickett, J. C. Quickenings of Caliban. \$1. | Novello, Ewer & Co. |
| Roberts, A., & Balis, M. W. The Basket Makers: Cantata. \$1. | Macmillan & Co. |
| Roberts, W. Printers' Marks. \$2.75. | Cassell Pub. Co. |
| Russell, W. C. The Emigrant Ship. \$1. | Chas. Scribner's Sons. |
| Saint-Amand, I. De. Last Years of Louis XV. Tr. by E. G. Martin. \$1.25. | Century Co. |
| St. Nicholas. Vol. XX., Parts I-II. Nov. '92-Oct. '93. \$4. | G. H. Richmond & Co. |
| Sand, G. La Petite Fadette. Tr. by J. M. Sedgwick. \$2. | Cassell Pub. Co. |
| Schwartz, F. In the Land of Cave and Cliff-Dwellers. \$1.25. | Hunt & Eaton. |
| Sinnett, C. N. The Norsk Gopher. \$1. | G. P. Putnam's Sons. |
| Sisler, M. De La. Through Blind Eyes. Tr. by F. P. Lewis. \$1.25. | Portland, Me.: T. B. Mosher. |
| Songs of Adieu. \$1. | Novello, Ewer & Co. |
| Tours, B. Home of Titania: Cantata. 12. 6d. | Lee & Shepard. |
| Townsend, V. F. What Christmas says to New Year. 50c. | Harper & Bros. |
| Van Dyke, P. Referendum for the Illustrations of Ben-Hur. | Robt. Clarke & Co. |
| Venable, W. H. The Last Flight. 35c. | Longmans, Green & Co. |
| Wallaschek, R. Primitive Music. \$1.50. | C. W. Barden. |
| Whitely, W. A. German Decisions. 25c. | P. Paul & Son. |
| Young, J. D. Thistle-Down. \$1.25. | |

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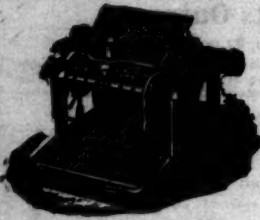
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